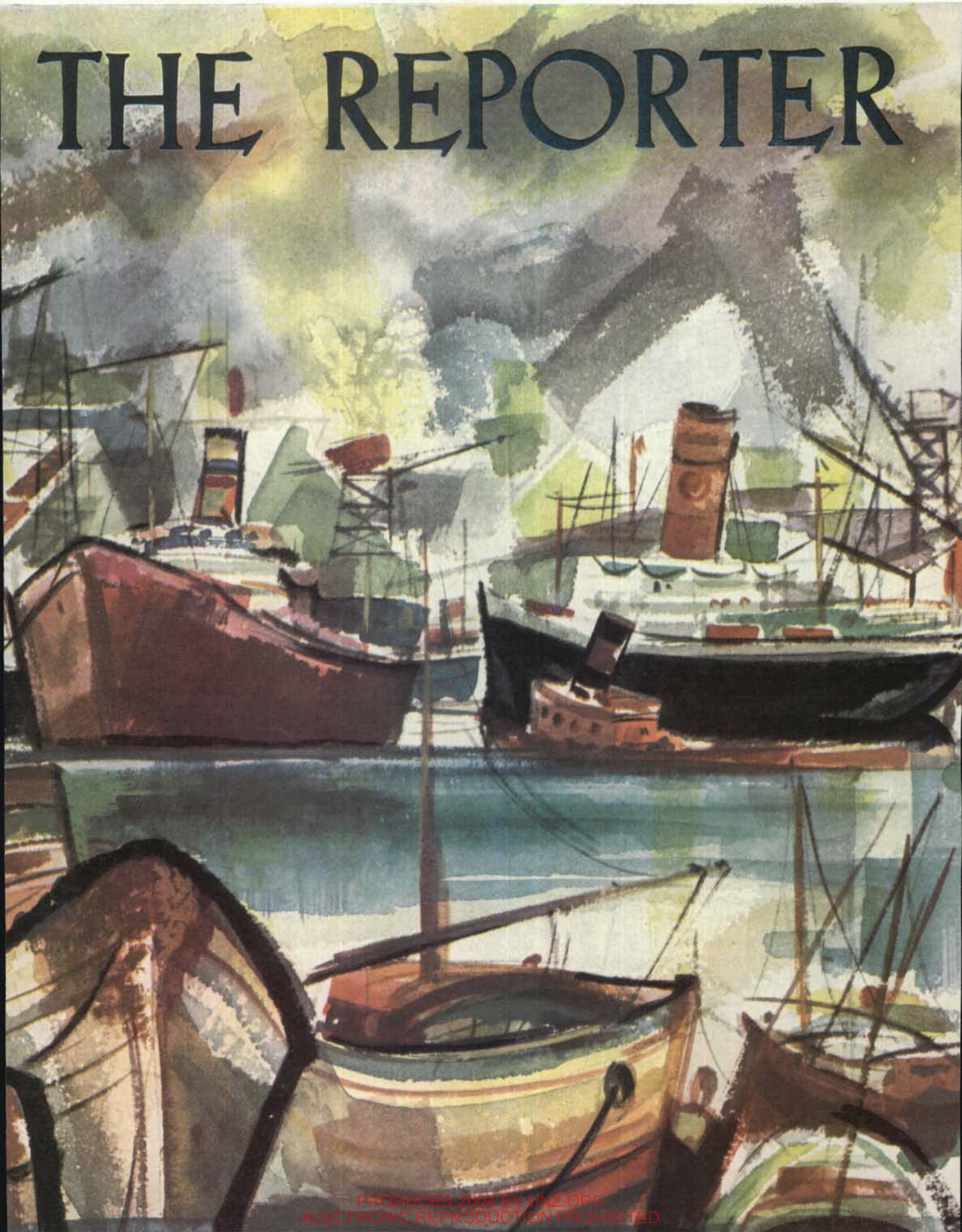
BIPARTISANSHIP IS A TWO-WAY STREET

December 16, 1954 25¢

Let's Try Capitalism in Foreign Trade (page 15)

THE REPORTER



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"The Same to You . . . and Many of Them"

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Round Two

Now that the debate is over, the first phase of that nightmarish thing which for lack of a better name is called McCarthyism can be considered concluded. But we had better have no illusions, for with Senator Knowland joining the McCarthy wing of the party, the second phase begins.

Perhaps the best way of commenting on the beginning of Phase Two is to reprint what we wrote at the opening of Phase One.

In our issue of June 6, 1950, at a time when the McCarthy wave had just started rolling, *The Reporter's* editorial said: "Nothing is easier than to become hysterical about hysteria. It takes more than Joseph McCarthy to subvert America and destroy its liberties. But he may well ruin one of our two major political parties—his own."

The McCarthyite Rally

Aware of the crowd's hostility, few press photographers ventured away from the platform in Madison Square Garden, New York, that night of November 29. One of the few was Lisa Larsen, an attractive young woman who was circulating in the aisles snapping candid shots.

Earlier Miss Larsen had spotted three women looking through opera glasses. One of them had a Confederate flag. It looked like a good picture and she took it. The women were furious; they called over another photographer and told him that she was "from the *Daily Worker*." He laughed, assured them they were wrong, that she worked for *Life* magazine and was merely doing her job.

Shortly afterward she was crouching in the center aisle of the main floor to get a shot of a middle-aged couple. Suddenly they waved for guards and started a commotion. No one knew why, but the entire audience got up and began to yell, "Throw her out!" Meanwhile she was quietly trying to convince the guards that she was Lisa Larsen and that her credentials could be found at the press table.

Miss Larsen's protests did her no good. Pale and frightened, she was pulled halfway across the Garden to a rear exit and thrown out while the crowd screamed.

The crowd did not know who she was or what she had done. When a reporter identified her for those near him, a young man muttered: "I expect it of *Life*, *Time*, and *Fortune*."

Expect what? What did the young man mean by "it"? The whole trouble lies in that little word. In grammar the word "it" must never get too far away from what "it" refers to. In Madison Square Garden that McCarthy night, "it" referred, through the mists of confusion and fear, to the idea of an ever-present enemy. These people in the Garden thought of themselves as surrounded by a vast conspiracy. They saw themselves as a besieged, heroic minority vainly struggling to save the nation from self-destruction. That "it" referred also—at the

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And all the things that happened to you.

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Life is the same in every way:
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A ham on rye,
And a room with a TV view.

Once you would roam an unknown town,
Drop in a bar to hear new talk,
Sniff the air as you wandered down
Alleys that strangers liked to walk.

But now, whether north or east or west,
You're nothing more than a paying guest:
Bourbon on ice,
A cheese on rye,
And a room with a TV view.

—SEC

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immense and unmeasurable distances that are in nightmares—to a ghostly entity: the "hidden force," a Communist conspiracy so powerful as to permeate even the Executive Branch of the U.S. government headed by a five-star general in a Republican Administration.

For people obsessed by such ghosts, there is nothing that cannot b the instrument of the "hidden force"—not even a pretty girl snapping pictures for *Life*.

Zwicker and Those Generals

What does brass do to a man? Does a general's star on a soldier's uniform connote debasement or exaltation of citizenship? In the last day of the McCarthy debate, General Zwicker was given notice that the vilification of which he has been the object couldn't be censured or condemned. This would imply a difference in standard between a U.S. Senator's honor and a soldier's.

Just in the same days—and indeed prompted by the Senate resolution condemning McCarthy for his abuse of fellow Senators and of General Zwicker—a notable array of generals and admirals took an extremely strong position on public affairs both domestic and foreign. They have deliberately offered their honored names to rally millions of citizens in a fierce protest against the present and the past Administrations.

Needless to say, these generals and admirals—all retired—have a perfect right to voice their opinion on political issues. Even the fact that these military men have proved to be somewhat promiscuous in the relationships they have established with rather dubious characters is no reason to treat lightly or scornfully the stand they have solemnly taken. If a truly great soldier like Van Fleet joins the movement, there must be some deep and serious reason for the outburst among these old soldiers—a reason that must have preyed on their minds for quite some time.

IF WE ARE not mistaken, these reasons have been best formulated by the man who may be considered as the prototype Old Soldier, General MacArthur. On two occasions MacArthur has stated his position

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with characteristic clarity and forcefulness: "We of the military shall always do what we are told to do. But if this nation is to survive, we must trust the soldier once our statesmen fail to preserve the peace." This was at the West Point dinner in New York in March, 1953. At Boston in 1951, he had said: ". . . I find in existence a new and heretofore unknown and dangerous concept that the members of our armed forces owe primary allegiance and loyalty to those who temporarily exercise the authority of the Executive Branch of government rather than to the country and its Constitution which they are sworn to defend. No proposition could be more dangerous."

We like to assume that this way of thinking is one of the motivating reasons that have led other generals and admirals to join the various Ten Million movements, for we always like to believe—until the contrary is proved—that men act from intelligent or at least intelligible motives.

Having said this for the sake of fairness, we must add that these few disgruntled military leaders could not be any more wrong on every possible count. This tendency to bypass the Executive and to influence, with the help of rabble rousers, the nation as a whole can lead military men into extraordinarily dangerous situations—situations in which they become fomenters of fratricidal strife and inter-Allied disunity. Moreover, no matter what may be said of the present and of the past Administrations—and we have had abundant occasion to criticize both—there can be no doubt about the patriotism of the present and past leaders of our nation and their devotion to the democratic cause.

It is indeed reassuring that our President is a general who, like the overwhelming majority of our wartime leaders, is a firm believer in the supremacy of the civilian power. Nothing is more remote from the minds of these men than that soldiering implies civil disabilities or privileges. All their lives they have been teachers and practitioners of discipline, and they do not consider a release from the services as an opportunity for unrestrained emotionalism.

This is the type of our military leaders from George Washington down. About the others, the exceptions, the few, considering the services that some of them have rendered the nation, we can only say that we feel very sorry for them.

That Nice Old *Times*

If you want to know why we like the New York *Times* so much—well, we'll tell you why we like the New York *Times* so much. As the prosecution wound up its case in Cleveland against Dr. Samuel Sheppard, the headlines here in New York set us to breathing pretty heavy.

SUSAN HAYES TESTIFIES ON SHEPPARD TRYSTS, leered the *World-Telegram and Sun*. SUSAN TELLS ON DR. SAM—REVEALS 2-YEAR ROMANCE got the black-and-red treatment across eight columns of the *Journal-American*. SUSAN TELLS OF NIGHTS WITH SAM, proclaimed the *Post*. SUSAN BARES TRYSTS, yelped the *Daily News*. NURSE'S FULL STORY IN Q & A was the *Daily Mirror's* way of soliciting our four cents. Even the *Herald Tribune* ran the unfortunate witness's picture on page one under the headline SUSAN HAYES TELLS TRIAL OF AFFAIR WITH SHEPPARD.

The *Times* treated Miss Hayes somewhat differently On page 36, in the second bank of a standard one-column headline, appeared the words: "Woman Tells of Relationship with Doctor."

Spacemen's Comeuppance

The Space Flight Committee of the American Rocket Society has just made a recommendation to study the usefulness of an unmanned earth satellite vehicle, taking pains to explain why it favored that against more ambitious projects. "Although many satellite proposals have been put forward," it said, "the small satellite is the only one for which feasibility can be shown."

This is sure to cause consternation and alarm in Captain Video's galaxy. "Unmanned, indeed!" We can see the intrepid spacemen picketing the next meeting of the Rocket Society, flying above the sidewalk in their tights, trailing behind them banners proclaiming MAN THE SATELLITES! and UNFAIR TO SPACEMEN!

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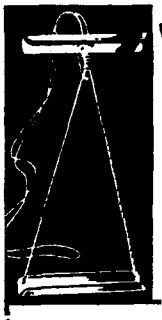

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE ARTICLE on bipartisanship expresses the opinion of one of the most vigorous and forceful of the Democratic Senators. **Senator J. W. Fulbright** speaks, of course, for himself, but his opinion carries great weight not only because of the authority he has acquired but also because this youthful Senator is third-ranking Democrat among the members of the upper house's Foreign Affairs Committee.

In the small group of top-notch Washington diplomatic correspondents, **Chalmers M. Roberts** of the Washington *Post and Times Herald* has risen to a high position in a short period. He has established of late a reputation for scoops of more than national importance. His story of "The Day We Didn't Go to War" (*The Reporter,* September 14) told how the President decided against an air strike in Indo-China over the opposition of the majority of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. In this issue he presents once more an analysis of the thinking that led the President to resist pressures to act unilaterally after the Chinese Communist attack on the island of Quemoy. Mr. Roberts's reports have been the object of widespread piracy with little or no acknowledgment to the author. We are happy to publish the conclusions he has reached on the increasing importance of the role played by the President in our foreign policy.

AS AN investment banker and former government official, **William H. Draper, Jr.,** is eminently qualified by long experience to discuss the problems of American foreign trade from a practical and enlightened point of view. General Draper is chairman of the Mexican Light and Power Company. In 1947 he was military government adviser to the Secretary of State at the Moscow Conference of Foreign Ministers. From 1947 to 1949 he was Under Secretary of the Army, and in 1952 and 1953 the United States Special Representative to Europe with the rank of Ambassador.

The Swiss are a calm and even stolid people, and **Leonard Gross's** report on the violence of their indignation when we raised the tariff on one of their most important exports may well give us reason to reconsider our action.

It is possible, if only once in a long while, to write hilariously about Communists. **James Maxwell's** account of the sudden appearance of a number of "Communists" in a U.S. Army camp is based on fact.

Han Suyin, author of *The Many-Splendored Thing* (reviewed in *The Reporter,* January 20, 1953), is a Eurasian and hence is able to feel sympathy and understanding both for Asian nationalism and for British attempts, however futile, to compromise with that force in order to stay in Malaya.

We get tired of denouncing failure and we are happy whenever in a foreign country a leader on our side succeeds. **William Costello's** optimistic firsthand report describes what President Magsaysay is accomplishing in the Philippines. Mr. Costello, former Far East News Director for the Columbia Broadcasting System, has drawn on a long experience in the Far East.

Goddard Lieberson is the executive vice-president of Columbia Records.

V. S. Pritchett, one of Britain's outstanding literary critics, writes about a book by an American social scientist that has recently received unusual acclaim—and not just from members of the social scientists' fraternity. There is a tendency on the part of our great foundations to overfinance social research, but this tendency can be appraised with greater objectivity and calm by a friendly foreign critic than by the Reece Committee. Mr. Pritchett is the author of *In My Good Books* and *Why Do I Write?*

John Kenneth Galbraith is a professor of economics at Harvard.

Our cover design, showing the ships that carry on the trade between the nations described by General Draper, is a water color by **Tack Shigaki.**

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THE REPORTER

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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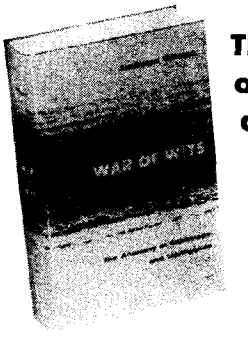

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CORRESPONDENCE

HOUSING

To the Editor: "Let's Plan Our Cities Before It's Too Late," by Albert Mayer (*The Reporter*, November 18), is the article I have yearned to read for over five years. I believe it covers a problem that desperately needs the country's urgent attention.

Why do I, a businessman-homeowner suburbanite, feel the urgent need for town, city, and regional planning, effected and precipitated by far-seeing Federal legislation supplanting the now unnecessary FHA? Three years ago our town faced the "builder" problem. By united action in the face of strong builder opposition, we "solved" it in the only legal way open to a town or city today—by zoning with acreage limitations: one-half acre minimum at the center, one acre in the outlying areas.

But some of us thought further, realizing that the problem for people pressing from the obsolescent city apartments continued unabated. We were instituting a one-class town, a still unplanned ranch-house community with no place for grandparents, young unmarrieds, and those who simply want to rent.

It seems to me that the FHA is a builder-subsidy plan which perpetuates the building of the "new slum" development. Instead of the FHA, we need *now* a Federal plan to support modern regionally planned row housing and apartments in suburban areas *including* adjacent park and forested areas. Also, the cities' redevelopment problem must be dealt with boldly or our countryside will abound with the hideous reminders of mediocrity and conformity.

GEORGE B. BAILEY, JR.
Sharon, Massachusetts

To the Editor: I agree with most of the things that Mr. Mayer says, agree with the projects he cites for commendation, agree also with his unvoiced displeasure with many well-known projects that he fails to list. I feel quite sure that we now construct future slums at a much greater rate than we clear existing slums.

I suppose that I disagree most with the impression that I get from Mr. Mayer's article that housing-architecture is the key to the comple . of urban problems, and that more adequate Federal aid for public housing and for metropolitan and urban planning would do much to help. The problems go far beyond the reach of any such simple solution.

DENNIS O'HARROW
Executive Director
American Society of
Planning Officials
Chicago

To the Editor: Mr. Mayer, having himself contributed a great deal to the public housing field and having had wide experience in other housing endeavors, is in an advantageous position to review what has been accomplished and to advise as to future needs in the planning of our cities. No one, I am sure, would contradict him in his caution that the planning should be done "before it's too late."

At the same time, I think it must be recognized that the deterioration of our cities had been at such a pace as to make speed of action an absolute necessity. Consequently, remedies applied were not 100 per cent perfect and needed modification. I hope to see public housing profit from our early mistakes, to improve, to serve more widely. And I am sure its two decades of existence have been profitable even though we would change some of the results obtained.

Architects engaged by the local housing authorities to design low-rent housing have a real challenge to submit plans for more individual and attractive developments to overcome the criticism that previously built projects are institutional in appearance. We feel sure this challenge can be met and are lending every possible assistance toward encouragement of this idea.

CHARLES E. SLUSSER
Commissioner
Public Housing Administration
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: Albert Mayer is one of the great architects and planners of our time. He does a superb job of describing the appalling mess that speculative builders are making of our urban and suburban communities, and points up with equal effectiveness the weaknesses of public efforts in housing. He is at his best when he tells what can be done.

LEE F. JOHNSON
Executive Vice-President
National Housing Conference
Washington, D. C.

ANATOMY LESSON

To the Editor: Since the recent accident of Senator McCarthy I know at least why the elbow is called the "funny bone."

WALTER L. PERLS, M.D.
New York

ELECTION FOOTNOTES

To the Editor: In *The Reporter's* Notes of November 18 you comment on the balance of power held by the independent voter. Although I have some doubts on this, I have even more certain feelings that the election of Clifford Case in New Jersey in no way indicates a balance of power held by the independent voter.

No Democrat has been elected to the U.S. Senate from New Jersey since the late 1930's. Apparently there was no major shift in party allegiance this year as no Congressional seats changed party. Yet Mr. Case just barely won by a little over three thousand votes, a very small percentage of the total. Here in populous Essex County (containing Newark) Mr. Case even ran slightly behind two of the Republican freehold candidates, while the Democratic Senatorial candidate, Charles M. Howell, ran ahead of all four Democratic candidates, according to figures in the Newark *Evening News*.

If it is possible to draw generalities from elections—and I'm not at all sure it is possible when they are so close—it would appear that whatever ticket splitting occurred was in Mr. Howell's favor. Since he did not win, it would seem that in New Jersey in 1954 the independent voter did not quite hold the balance of power after all.

As for reasons, they are probably as numerous as are the voters. Certainly the conservative independent was not attracted by Mr. Case's liberal voting record or his anti-McCarthy stand. These people may be the nearly thirty thousand who voted for Mr. Krajewski and Mr. Hartley. Speaking as a liberal independent, many of us felt that in Mr. Howell we had a candidate less compromising in his liberalism, and one, by the way, who did not call his former friends (the A.D.A.) "revolutionary." Vice-President Nixon's active support of Mr. Case did little to convince us either. However, Mr. Case is an able "middle-of-the-roader" who will serve his state well.

LOIS A. HOFFMANN
West Orange, New Jersey

To the Editor: In your "Interim Report" on the elections in the November 18 issue you are very critical of the Republican Party. There is justice in your criticism, but what of the Democrats?

You speak of newspaper articles decrying the use of the issue of Communism in Montana campaigns, but what of Senator Murray, who spoke of Orvin Fjare, a young Republican running for Congress, as a "foreigner" and one whose name you couldn't even pronounce? The Montana independent who was forced to choose between Murray and D'Ewart was in sad shape indeed, but let's not make it appear as though D'Ewart were the devil and Murray the white knight.

JOSEPH S. SAMPLE
Billings, Montana

'ROCKETRY'

To the Editor: I have just finished reading Albert Parry's article "Will the Russians Beat Us to the Moon?" in the November 18 issue of *The Reporter* and would like to express my appreciation for your thus having drawn public attention to a matter too often ignored. The usual reaction to this issue is a laugh, significant of an attitude that this is all "just Buck Rogers stuff."

The future of guided missiles on this earth, if not off it, is something that none of us look forward to with unmixed feelings. We in astronautics have accustomed ourselves to looking at the possibility of advanced rocketry with tremendous optimism, for it would mean the dawn of a new frontier. Instead, we see our dream becoming a nightmare of atomic warfare. No matter what the future may hold, we of the A.A.F. societies reaffirm our hopes for a world full of constructive rocketry, and our faith that space travel can be a supremely good thing for mankind.

RINEHART S. POTTS
Secretary
American Astronautical Federation
Philadelphia

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The President and the Rabble

THERE CAN be no doubt now: The President's personality and record have become controversial, and derogatory remarks about him are no longer an exclusive of the gutter press. Sometimes it is not Mr. Eisenhower himself who is the object of bitter criticism but, euphemistically, the Executive Branch of the government. It takes no gift of prophecy to foresee that the day is soon coming when the digging into his past associations will proceed with unrestrained fury. Fortunately, the President's job does not require security clearance.

Yet his popularity is unimpaired. There is something extraordinarily durable in the hold this man has over the American people. By now President and people know each other well. It is an accepted fact that he uses the power of his office sparingly, only on the rare occasions that his sense of duty cannot forgo. But these occasions immediately become solemn, memorable events that rekindle the people's faith in him.

His Democratic opponents are no exceptions. Ever since he came back from Europe, Mr. Eisenhower couldn't have tried any harder to impress on the Democrats his uncompromising, militant Republicanism. He compared them to "town drunks" when he was running for the nomination. During the last Congressional campaign, he told the voters that if a Democratic Congress were elected it would be like having "one car with two drivers at the steering wheel," and the car would end in the ditch.

Still, no matter what he said against the Democratic half of the nation, the President has not succeeded in convincing either of the two halves that he is a fanatical party man. He may not even have succeeded in convincing himself. Or at least we like to think this is the case, if we consider to what an extent the President is now dependent upon his Democratic co-drivers.

THE PRESIDENT should have no serious difficulty in finding harmonious co-operation with the Democratic Congressional leaders. This co-operation can prove invaluable to him in the conduct of the government, and can provide him with a post-graduate education in politics. By working closely with the Democratic Congressional leaders, he will come quickly to realize that these men possess all the qualities of reliable, sturdy traditionalism that he has patiently tried to find within the Republican Party. The basic tenet of his political creed—conservatism in the economy, liberalism in human affairs—should make the party that includes both Harry Byrd and Paul Douglas feel like home to him.

Actually, seldom in our history have the differences between our two parties been so minute and accidental as in our day. But it is just because the similarity between the two parties is so great that marginal characters have been frantically busy during the last four or five years bringing absurd charges as substitutes for a cleavage that is not there. Were it not for these characters, both our parties would peacefully gravitate to the middle of the road, vying for the support of the overwhelmingly liberal conservative —or conservative liberal—electorate.

The broad central region where for generations American politics have been settled is now in danger of being deserted. It has been said that in the last election the extremes, both of the Right and of the Left, were repudiated by the voters. But where was the "extreme Left" that the voters allegedly rejected? The extreme Left—too much of it—is to be found outside our borders. The vast majority of our people holds as well as it can to some kind of a middle course, under unrelenting pressure from the extreme Right.

This pressure bears hard on the President now, and it comes—exclusively—from his own party. He will be forced to lean more and more on the Democrats, with the support of a still uncertain number of loyal Republicans. Loyal Republicans and Democrats will be increasingly drawn to each other, both in foreign and in domestic affairs, while the tumultuous forces of the rebel Republicans are not likely either to relent or to coalesce into an organized movement. Perhaps our two-party system is changing into a one-party-and-one-rabble system.

ONCE MORE great decisions are asked of the President—decisions affecting both peace in the world and the free institutions of our country. Now that his acquaintance with Congressional leaders is going to be broadened, the President will have a chance to find out who his true friends are.

We were thinking of this a few weeks ago while watching Senator Dirksen being interviewed on "Meet the Press." Questioned on what he would do if the President runs for renomination, the Senator answered, ". . . I will be in his corner . . ." We thought that if the Dirksens join the Nixons in the President's corner, he should not let himself be too much distracted by the opponent in front of him.

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Bipartisanship Is a Two-Way Street

SENATOR J. W. FULBRIGHT

THE PUNDITS of the daily press tell us that the President wishes to develop a bipartisan foreign policy in the Eighty-fourth Congress. Without being unduly partisan, I feel that this desire for bipartisanship, although welcome, is a bit sudden. It seems only yesterday that the President declared that Democratic control of Congress would mean a "cold war" between himself and that body. It is reassuring, now that the elections are over, to hear that, after all, peaceful coexistence, perhaps co-operation, is desirable and possible between the President and the Democratic Congress.

My hesitancy arises from a feeling of uncertainty: For whom was the President speaking when he withdrew the hard words he had previously uttered? Certainly Vice-President Nixon was in a different mood when, commenting on the results of the elections, he voiced the disappointment of Midwestern pro-McCarthyites over the handling of the McCarthy issue.

It is not easy, nor would it be wise, for Democrats to forget the appalling degree of venom shown by the Republicans during the campaign. This time, though McCarthy was immobilized, almost the entire Republican Party made an all-out effort to identify the Democrats with subversion and treason. In reckoning our course for the years ahead, we Democrats would be blind fools if we were not to consider how we may prevent a recurrence of this plan of extermination.

The Republican Radicals

This seems an appropriate time to examine some of the conditions necessary to the successful conduct of a bipartisan foreign policy by our government. One naturally looks back for guidance to the Eightieth Congress, when such a policy was really made to work; but there is a significant difference. In those days the main support for the major objectives of the Democratic President came from members of his own party in Congress. Then it was a question of securing the co-operative leadership of Senator Vandenberg to muster an important but not always large group of Republican votes for the Administration's measures.

Now the situation is quite different. There is a Republican President, but the basic attitudes of the members of the two parties have not changed. The determined opposition to Administration policy is now found within the President's own party. The Majority Leader, Senator Knowland, registers a strong dissent from the President's policy of co-existence with the Russians. The alternative proposed by the Senator is not quite clear, but his strong disapproval of Administration policy toward both Russia and China is unmistakable.

Further, the radical extremists among the Senate Republicans, led by Senator McCarthy, directly challenged the President's leadership of his party and the Administration. Reluctant to face this challenge squarely, the President, by his forbearance with this unruly element in his party, permitted a serious deterioration of the morale of the Departments of State and Defense, and an enormous loss of prestige abroad.

Democratic Self-Restraint

What is the meaning for the Democrats of these changed circumstances? Clearly, one is that the President must rely to a far greater extent upon the Opposition party members than was necessary in the Eightieth Congress if he is to achieve the objectives of his foreign policy. Arthur Vandenberg once said of bipartisanship: "In a word, it simply seeks national security ahead of partisan advantage." For President Eisenhower, the choice may frequently be that he must place national security above party altogether.

However, what must be recognized is that bipartisanship in foreign policy requires the exercise of restraint in a field where demagogy is inviting and comes easy. It is an ancient practice and a large temptation to exploit people's local prejudices for political advantage by associating their prejudices against foreigners with one's political opponents. It wasn't so long ago that Big Bill Thompson became Mayor of Chicago by threatening to punch King

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George V of England in the snoot, and Gene Talmadge retained a firm hold on Georgia by protecting its people from "them furriners," meaning the Yankees.

For the Democratic majority in the next Congress, bipartisanship means relinquishing the opportunity for this kind of exploitation. Accustomed as the Democrats are to the responsibility of power, this would be no sacrifice. The experience of the past two years indicates that Democrats are prepared to accept a high degree of patriotic self-restraint. For example, there were no Democratic cries in the Senate about the "Republican loss of Indo-China." Nor was there any mockery of the Administration's "liberation of enslaved peoples" or its decision to "unleash Chiang" upon the Chinese mainland.

In addition, the Democrats, rather than the Republicans, fought for the President's foreign-trade program, even though he abandoned it after saying, "If we fail in our trade policy, we may fail in all." The Democrats furnished more votes to defeat the Bricker amendment than did the Republicans. They supported the nomination of Charles Bohlen as Ambassador to the Soviet Union against a savage attack by the extremists in the President's own party. This record leads me to believe that the Democrats will continue to behave in a responsible manner if given half a chance.

Dynamic Words vs. Deeds

What, in turn, are the conditions that must be met by the Administration? First of all, I believe that it must seek to maintain a clear and consistent foreign policy worthy of our support. After the election in 1952, the new Administration felt called upon to develop a "new" and "bold" and "dynamic" foreign policy. Its spokesmen indulged in rather dramatic pronouncements indicating that something different was brewing. For a time, we heard much about "liberation of the enslaved peoples" and "massive retaliation at times and places of our own choosing." It helps neither the cause of bipartisanship nor world leadership to be confused by such varying attitudes as Vice-President Nixon, for one, has displayed. At the Newspaper Editors' convention last spring the Vice-President all but pounded the drums for the march of American troops into Indo-China. Yet a short time later he spoke of "peace in our time" as being the unique achievement of Republicanism. Of course there is need of discretion and even of a certain amount of secrecy in the conduct of foreign affairs. But its object should be to keep the enemy guessing—not the American people.

RECENTLY there has been renewed evidence on the part of the President of a determination to have a foreign policy that Democrats in Congress can enthusiastically support. Containment, it would appear from the way the President is talking now, is not such a bad policy. The modus vivendi or coexistence he advocates is certainly not the same as the liberation or massive retaliation that Republican leaders have been clamoring for. So it seems that a policy somewhat less "dynamic" but still firm enough to contain further expansion by force of arms can be agreed upon.

The more difficult area for agreement will be in pushing through measures to prevent the subversion of free peoples by means other than force. Here the President must be prepared to back noble words with deeds and dollars. Lately there have been rumors that at long last the Administration is prepared to take up again the dynamic programs for technical and economic assistance that have been neglected for two years. In doing so, the President may find himself contending not only with Republicans in Congress but with his own Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Humphrey. It is a depressing commentary that Representative James G. Fulton (R., Pennsylvania) felt obliged to label Mr. Humphrey the "man with an empty briefcase" because of his failure to offer anything substantial at the recent inter-American economic conference in Rio de Janeiro.

Appeasing the Unappeasable

Just as important as the prevention of subversion abroad, there must be a cessation of the subversion at home that masquerades under the name of security. By this I mean that the Republican Administration must put aside the numbers racket in security dismissals and all the other devices by which it would create an impression that loyalty is the prerogative of one party. I, for one, do not believe that Democrats should long countenance the Tinkers to Evers to Chance play employed in the closing days of the last campaign when the President bestowed his warm endorsement on campaigner Nixon, who turned around and extended his gratitude to McCarthy. How long can the President pretend unawareness of such vicious party tactics as Vice-President Nixon's ". . . isn't it wonderful that finally we have a Secretary of State who isn't taken in by the Communists, who stands up to them?"

As part of this, there must be a cessation of the unrelenting warfare being conducted against our foreign service. I recognize that frequently the most vigorous of the agents engaged in this wrecking job are those hired by the Administration to appease radical Republican forces on the Hill. Democrats are now in a position to stop such appeasement. If Scott McLeod, for example, is not prepared to believe that Democrats can be loyal members of the career service, then Mr. McLeod, not they, should forthwith be relieved of his position.

It wasn't so long ago that John

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Foster Dulles, serving under a Democratic Secretary of State, was delegated signal responsibility for the negotiation of the Japanese peace treaty as well as for representing bipartisan foreign policy on missions to Korea and elsewhere. Could a self-respecting Democrat today accept a similarly important position? Just to point out the practical difficulties, I would question whether he would be able to rely on the information he might receive from an abused and demoralized foreign service. He might also wonder whether the assistants assigned to him were part of the "loyal American underground" engaged in the accumulation of material with which to lambaste him and the Democratic Party when the next election rolled around.

BIPARTISANSHIP is not a goal in itself. Foreign policy will not receive the support of Democrats unless they believe it worthy of their support and likely to succeed. As to the policies themselves, there seems to be little disagreement between what the President believes (as often distinguished from what his Administration does) and what the Democrats believe. But it is more than doubtful that a similar agreement can be established between the Democrats and the President's own party.

Deadly Parallels

The damage created by all these doubts and uncertainties is not limited to the Democratic Party or indeed to the nation. It affects fundamentally the role of leadership that we are called upon to play among the free nations of the world. While it has been abundantly clear to our European friends for some time that we hate Communism and appreciate its dangers, it is not so clear to them that we have an equal abhorrence of fascism. The free peoples of Europe have had a more intimate experience with this form of totalitarianism and have reason to hate and fear it. They saw it rise to its own terrible climax on the wings of anti-Communism. And when Europe was plunged into war it was the fascist, not the Communist, oppression they experienced.

Looking at us from afar, and without a proper appreciation of the ingrained stability of our people and their institutions, it has been easy for our friends to find remarkable parallels. They have seen hysteria about Communist infiltration, and demagogues capitalizing on it. They have seen us adopting some of the trappings of the police state. They have heard accusations that our churches and schools are infiltrated, as well as our Army, foreign service, and Information Agency. They have heard about books burned. They have heard a political party—in charge of a government which for twenty years maintained the friendliest relations with them and which liberated them—accused of treason. They have heard the author of the doctrine that drew the line on Communist aggression similarly accused. And they have heard the same of the author of the plan that saved them from economic ruin.

In short, some of them have come to see in us a hysteria, a madness of fear and frustration whose only logical terminus is an atomic-hydrogen holocaust. That this is a picture painted by Communist propaganda makes it no less vivid. I do not contend that the picture is accurate. But it is held in varying degrees by enough people abroad to influence their politicians and their governments.

I think these people are still more bewildered than convinced, more anxious than certain. This puzzled anxiety is enhanced by the fact that they hear no clear voice in reply, no convincing reassurance that we as a nation disbelieve these things. On the contrary, they see the policies of our government influenced by our fear, and the politicians using it as a political instrument.

I do not think many of the peoples of the West actually believe either that we are so completely infiltrated by Communism or that we are in danger of fascism. But I do believe there are many who are becoming more and more doubtful of our ability to govern ourselves in a sane and tolerable way, much less to lead the democratic world and serve as a beacon light to guide the new and uncommitted nations.

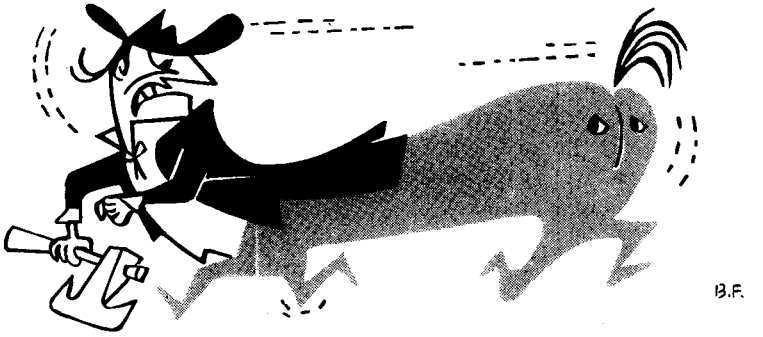
Restoring Lost Faith

This steady deterioration in our prestige abroad can be stopped, I believe, if through bipartisan co-operation we can stop the continuing attacks upon the loyalty of our own people to our system of society.

These matters may seem incidental to foreign policy, yet they are even more important to bipartisanship than the appointment of a Democratic Assistant Secretary of State or routine consultations. For the Democrats must not be lured into full-fledged co-operation only to be mercilessly attacked as traitors and fellow travelers when again it becomes expedient for the Republicans to do so. Bipartisanship cannot mean simply the acceptance of a state of coexistence between elections, to be violently repudiated when campaign time rolls around.

There can be no foreign policy worthy of Democratic support unless the unrelenting subversion of our basic institutions is halted. In short, bipartisanship cannot be created by procedural moves alone. It must stem from the spirit.

THERE WILL BE some hard decisions to make in the next two years. Many such have been postponed by the Administration in an effort to appease the extremists in its own party. Take the question of foreign trade. Normally this one is hard enough, encompassing the historic battle about tariffs. But there are even more difficult questions now. Shall



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we trade with Japan, or shall we permit Japan to trade with Red China? How much trade shall we permit between the non-Communist world and the Iron Curtain countries?

Certainly we are going to be obliged to consider the future of Formosa and our relations with Red China even if the cadets at West Point may not.

Democrats are as interested as the President in restoring the faith of our own and other peoples in the validity of our system of society and in our capacity to provide enlightened leadership to the free world. All that we ask of the President is that he commit to the cause his prestige, his influence, and, most important, his energies.

Battle on 'the Rim of Hell': President vs. War Hawks

CHALMERS M. ROBERTS

CHANGES in foreign policy are sometimes heralded in major pronouncements by a President or a Secretary of State. More often they come about gradually, almost unnoticed. The second kind of change has been taking place in Washington in recent weeks.

The shift has been from the top down rather than from the bottom up, and that has made assessment of the change more difficult. There has been no cranking out of policy papers, which then work their tortuous way up through the bureaucratic levels to the National Security Council and finally to the President.

The change, to be precise, has taken place in Dwight D. Eisenhower. But because of the way the change has come about, the result has been uncertainty within the Government, especially at the two key operational departments, State and Defense. And if there has been uncertainty in Washington, there has been confusion throughout the nation.

What has happened is that the era of "instant massive retaliation" and "more bang for a buck" has been giving way to the "good partners" concept with our allies and to an intensive search by the President for what he has called a modus vivendi with the Communist world.

There is not going to be any dismantling of the Strategic Air Command, of course, nor will we stop putting our major dependence on the ever-growing "family" of atomic weapons. The President has not stopped believing that the long-range Soviet goal is world revolution and world domination, as he told a recent press conference.

WHAT the President says about peace or atomic war at his press conferences may sound platitudinous in print, but if you are actually there the words take on an intensity that can only come from the deepest personal conviction. He seems to be thinking out loud, and in the process he reveals a lot about himself. That was certainly the case in his remarkably eloquent talk at the December 2 press conference, when he gave his clearest exposition thus far on his determination not to be swayed from that "middle road" between appeasement and belligerency in the search for peace.

One has occasionally the feeling—meaning no disrespect—that the President's reactions are almost visceral. He is groping for a way out of the dilemma of our times, he is convinced there must be a way out, but no one has shown him just what it is. Considering the hysteria over Communism of the past two years, it is a tribute to Mr. Eisenhower that he has somehow thrown off those who would drive him into a dead end from which war would be the only escape. This is also a reflection of his innate caution, of his feeling against extremes, of his ability to gauge the temper of the mass of Americans and the masses elsewhere in the world on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

But it is not enough merely to say that he is seeking a way out of the dilemma of our times, for he has sought that from the day he took office. The difference is that he has now begun to act—and that he has come to some conclusions about the nature of nuclear war.

The Quemoy Affair

Despite the fact that statesmen have stacks of top-secret documents in front of them presumably filled with all the relevant facts, it sometimes takes an outside factor to bestir them. Last spring Winston Churchill read a dispatch in the Manchester *Guardian* by its Washington correspondent Max Freedman about Representative W. Sterling Cole's speech on the 1952 "hydrogen device" blast that "obliterated the test island." That newspaper account did something to the Prime Minister that no document could, and it brought him to Washington last summer to discuss the nuclear dilemma.

In the same way the case of the *Fortunate Dragon,* the hundred-ton Japanese fishing boat that was showered last March with radioactive ash from the fall-out of the Bikini hydrogen-bomb test some seventy miles away, set off a world-wide alarm that dramatized to the President the perils of atomic war far beyond the facts and figures that were already on his desk.

Out of such events as these has come the Eisenhower conviction that "since the advent of nuclear weapons, it seems clear that there is no longer any alternative to peace, if there is to be a happy and well world." Those words were spoken off the cuff on October 19 at a gathering of State Department employees to whom the President also pictured the world after a nuclear war as one "very greatly in ashes and relics of destruction."

That speech was the most dramatic one by the President that I have heard, and it took on a special meaning for me. Some time before I heard it I had picked up the first accounts of the President's reaction to the Red Chinese attack on the Nationalist-held island of Quemoy, which must surely have been in Mr. Eisenhower's mind even though

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his 3,500 listeners, with possibly two or three exceptions, were unaware of it.

It was after the Quemoy affair that Mr. Eisenhower began to say that the Russians were acting in a more conciliatory manner (as in their note on the B-29 shot down over northern Japan by Soviet MIG fighters). And it was after the publication of the Quemoy story that he politely but firmly rejected the Knowland thesis that if the United States accepts what Moscow trumpets as the doctrine of "prolonged peaceful coexistence," America is headed inevitably for doom.

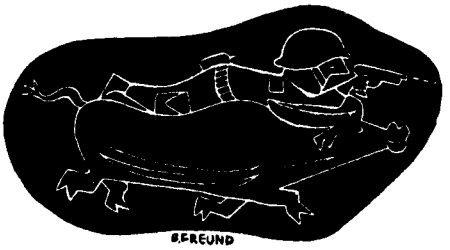
THE QUEMOY story is briefly this: When the Chinese Communists began shelling the island on September 3, the Pentagon gave Chiang Kai-shek a go-ahead to bomb the adjacent area in order to silence the batteries and destroy any junk or troop concentrations.

Within a day or two, three of the four Joint Chiefs of Staff—Radford, Carney, and Twining—voted to recommend to the President that Chiang be allowed immediately to bomb inland Red China and that if an all-out Communist attack on Quemoy developed, American planes should join the Nationalist bombing operations. Secretary of State Dulles, then in Manila for the Southeast Asia pact conference, cabled back his concurrence with the majority. Only Army General Ridgway opposed, but he was joined in vigorous and effective dissent by the then Under Secretary of State Walter Bedell Smith.

Smith urgently asked the President to call a National Security Council meeting at his Denver vacation retreat before acting on the recommendation, and the President agreed. At the extraordinary and now historic meeting of Sunday, September 12, at the Lowry Air Force Base officers' club, Admiral Radford argued for action, Secretary of Defense Wilson spoke for action only after due "provocation," and Vice-President Nixon (who had been campaigning on a peace platform) opposed action.

One official who knew the facts told me that "the President personally saved the situation."

The Quemoy affair, coming less than half a year after the President's close brush with intervention in Indo-China (described in "The Day We Didn't Go to War," *The Reporter,* September 14, 1954), demonstrated to Mr. Eisenhower that positive action was needed if some future incident were not to plunge the nation over what Churchill has called "the rim of hell."



The first task was to get off the Formosa powder keg. This involved preventing Chiang from acting in any way that could give the Chinese Communists provocation for carrying through their threats to "liberate" Formosa itself. Chiang was therefore offered a mutual defense pact, for which he had long been calling—but in exchange for an understanding that he would avoid provocative attacks on the mainland. This was a bitter pill for Chiang, who clearly saw its eventual meaning—the United States was abandoning the fiction that he was the true ruler of the mainland of China from which he had been swept five years earlier. Chiang has now finally agreed to sign up, but he is being kept on the same sort of short rations as Syngman Rhee in South Korea.

The "releashing" of Chiang was also a bitter pill for the pro-Chiang factions at the State Department and the Pentagon. It could hardly have been pleasant for Mr. Dulles, who had to tell Chiang when he was in Formosa en route home from Manila that the President would not countenance provocative action.

IN THE President's view, it seems clear, the Quemoy affair threatened to upset the balance of power between the Soviet Union and the United States by involving us in a war with Red China; it also threatened to precipitate a third world war. Hence he forced the Chiang limitation policy.

And it is important to note that the President has stuck by his policy by rejecting the Knowland blockade idea in the subsequent affair of the thirteen American prisoners of war jailed by Red China.

'Speak Softly but . . .'

It is now quite certain that Mr. Eisenhower feels we are in a period of weapons stalemate. In this he seems to be in agreement with Soviet Premier Malenkov, who stated last March that "with the existence of the modern means of destruction" a third world war "would mean the destruction of world civilization"—that is, not only of western civilization but also of all that the Communists have built up since 1917.

When Senator Knowland talks of "atomic stalemate" in the future, he is out of tune with the President's view that the stalemate is here now—and that Moscow knows it as well as Washington does and is pushing "prolonged peaceful coexistence" as the only possible policy for either side today.

What the President is seeking to do, then, is to forge a counterprogram to "peaceful coexistence," although, unhappily, nobody on our side has come up with a matching phrase. He has clearly indicated he will do his utmost to prevent an incident from becoming a *casus belli.* This was demonstrated by his declaration that the B-29 incident was not clear-cut—although several hours before he used that phrase to reporters, the State Department had in hand a report showing clearly that the MIGs had invaded Japanese territory to shoot down the B-29.

Mr. Eisenhower's reaction to the B-29 incident surprised a lot of people at the State Department because Secretary Dulles, who operates pretty much out of his own hat and has only a handful of real confidants, had not passed along any word about the shift in White House thinking. The affair infuriated the Air Force, to put it mildly, and alarmed much of the rest of the Pentagon. "What's Ike up to?" was the question. And nobody supplied an answer.

Secretary Dulles's Chicago speech of November 29 was designed to spell out for the first time the new policy—without, of course, conceding that a change had taken place.

Senator Knowland, who had been told in advance of the mutual defense pact offer to Chiang, kept silent when news of the "releashing"

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leaked out from Formosa and even when the Taipeh newspapers bitterly talked of a new "Yalu sanctuary policy." But his mind was troubled, and on November 15 he could keep silent no longer. In a speech delivered that day he called on the new Congress to summon the Joint Chiefs and State and Defense Department officials to find out their opinions as to where "peaceful coexistence" would lead "and whether this clear and present danger which appears to me to exist is such that a basic change in the direction of our policy is warranted."

When Senator Knowland made his speech he already knew the Quemoy story, for he indicated on the Senate floor that he had read the press account in the Washington *Post and Times Herald*—including the key fact that the President had overruled three of his four Joint Chiefs and his Secretary of State. One cannot escape the conclusion that the Senate Majority Leader wanted to have them expose their differences with the President.

But Will He Keep It Up?

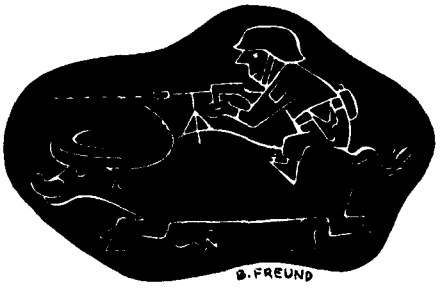
The issue today to many in high places in Washington is put in the form of a question: Given a nuclear-weapons standoff, is the United States willing to fight nonatomic "small wars" if necessary? That the question has been in Senator Knowland's mind too is clear from his statement on the Senate floor: "We might have the desired [military] strength; but if as a matter of national policy the American people were not prepared to support the use of that strength . . . that strength on our part would not necessarily constitute a restraining influence upon the Soviets."

This was a polite way of asking whether the President was "prepared" to use that strength. There is divided opinion on this matter in Washington today. One official bitterly tells a reporter that "The golf club has replaced the umbrella" as the symbol of appeasement, while another official says confidently, "I think we will make the decision to fight the little wars."

But nobody really knows. For the President, in the last analysis, has to weigh all the conflicting claims and make the decision himself.

Some months ago a friend said to Mr. Dulles, "The President certainly leaves foreign affairs pretty much up to you." The Secretary replied somewhat vaguely, "Yes, I suppose he does." The President, vastly impressed by Mr. Dulles's detailed knowledge of diplomacy and of the intricacies of the world's problems, has given his Secretary of State perhaps more power than has been exercised by any other man who ever held that office. But in the Quemoy crisis, Mr. Dulles discovered himself on the wrong side.

And yet there are very few men to whom Mr. Eisenhower can turn for advice and support. Mr. Dulles has a direct telephone line to the White



House from both his office and his home, and he is in and out of the Executive Mansion almost constantly. But it is "all business," the President's associates say, between the two men. They do not play bridge together—Mr. Eisenhower seeks relaxation with men of lesser intellectual capacity than Mr. Dulles.

The President appears to have handed down at Denver only a rather generalized statement: Nothing shall be done to involve the United States in nuclear war, though we must remain strong enough to fight one if it is forced upon us. Meanwhile, the problem is to find a way to deal with "coexistence" over what looks like a long period of peace ahead.

Secretary Dulles and others who have now caught the spirit of the President's new outlook see the "long-haul" program this way: continued advance in weapons, continued improvement in continental defense, a search for a way out of the Indo-China morass, a leash on Chiang, and—this last is new—a massive economic program for the underdeveloped nations to convince them that Communism is neither the only nor the best way to raise their standards of living.

The economic program, for which Harold Stassen has become the outstanding public spokesman, is already up against a Treasury roadblock, since Secretary Humphrey still dreams of a balanced budget. Whether the President will go to bat for the programs that are being drawn up to support his own policy will be one of the tests in 1955 of how far he is willing to carry his search for peace. Another test may come next summer when the Joint Chiefs will be up for term extension or for replacement.

Awake but Uncertain

Curiously, the warmest words of praise Mr. Eisenhower has received for the change that has taken place in his thinking have come from Jawaharlal Nehru. The Indian Prime Minister told his Parliament in November that in 1954 a big-scale war had seemed imminent on two occasions—at the time of the proposals for intervention in Indo-China and at the time of the Quemoy affair. (He did not name either event, but cited instead the months in which they occurred.)

"Fortunately," he said, "these crises were passed without disaster, and in this matter I would like to pay a tribute to the part played by the President of the United States of America in the avoidance of war."

Mr. Eisenhower, too, has had some warm private words lately for India, an apparent recognition that though Mr. Nehru's formula for peace may be on a different plane than his own, both seek the same ends. Such a feeling is not, of course, going to endear the President to those like Senator Knowland who want the neutralist nations to proclaim which side of the fence they are on.

It is difficult to assess just where the President's peace program, to call it that for lack of a better name, will lead. As a reporter trying to find his way through the Washington jungle, it seems to me that what Mr. Eisenhower is attempting is based on two sound premises: that there is now a nuclear stalemate, and that Moscow is acting on this basis and the United States must do likewise in its own way.

But one has the impression that the new direction in foreign policy, which was impelled by Mr. Eisen-

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hower's experience in the Quemoy affair, is still rather amorphous.

Among the seemingly logical outcomes of what Mr. Eisenhower has set in motion would be an eventual "two Chinas" policy. And yet Mr. Eisenhower is still moving slowly and cautiously. He is fully aware of the opposition at the Capitol, especially within the Republican Party but by no means absent among Democrats. He is fully aware of the attraction of the Radford doctrine that the Communists must not be allowed to consolidate their hold on the mainland.

The President has a tendency to play things by ear. What Moscow and Peking do—as in the prisoner-of-war issue—will greatly affect what he does. Quemoy and the other Nationalist-held islands off the mainland could still set off an explosion if the Communists go too far.

THERE is change under way in Washington. But it is not occurring in the traditional manner of policy changes, often the work of some anonymous expert deep in the labyrinth of government framing an idea that finally works its way to the top. Rather, it is Mr. Eisenhower at the summit of government who is generating the change. This in itself is a contradiction both of the normal ways of government and of the Eisenhower staff-work approach, the product of his long military career. Yet this is what is happening, as is clear to all who take the trouble to look behind the platitudes.

One Washington official has likened Mr. Eisenhower's actions to "the awakening of Gulliver, who is now sitting up, rubbing his eyes, and breaking the strings the war hawks had tied around him."

The President, it seems to me, is seeking to pull away from the bellicose spirit of the first eighteen months of his Administration, to get away from the hysteria and negativism of anti-Communism, and to find some positive way to express and to advance the American conviction that mankind, given a decent choice and a helping hand, will choose freedom.

So far it has been pretty much of a one-man show. But that one man happens to be the President of the United States.

A THIRD PARTY?

ERIC SEVAREID

A LITTLE ITEM on the news wire tells us that a group of Oklahoma Republicans are organizing a new political party for that state. They will call it the "Constitutional Party," and plan to affiliate with the group in Texas known as the "Constitution Party" which entered four candidates in the Texas election this fall. The Oklahoma group plans to enter a slate of candidates in their next general election. The policy of this group is simply stated by its chairman: "pro-McCarthy," he said, and "anti-Eisenhower."

This item may have considerable significance. At least, it adds substance to the suspicions of some able observers who have been holding a damp finger to the political winds; they think they detect the makings of a serious, nation-wide effort by extreme right-wing and isolationist people, chiefly of Republican identity, to dictate the Republican nominee two years hence, or to run a third-party candidate for President.

Several sizable groups are forming now; they have a natural affinity in general philosophy, a fair amount of cash, apparently, and to a certain degree an interlocking directorate of personalities. The Oklahoma gentleman's description, "pro-McCarthy" and "anti-Eisenhower," fits all these groups to some degree; their motivations run from those of the old-fashioned, hard-core isolationist, anti-labor Republicans who regard the President as merely a New Dealer in disguise, to those of the emotional, inflamed crowds who fear Communists, equate liberals with them and regard McCarthy as a national saviour.

THE PERSONALITY of McCarthy provides, as the New York *Times*'s Mr. William S. White puts it, a catalyst for all these hitherto diverse forces and groups. These groups, which probably include some Texas oilmen and definitely include some embittered ex-military leaders, have at least a basic emotional condition in common—and that is anger, anger at the whole course of American domestic and foreign affairs over the last twenty-five years; they have felt themselves in a politically alien land ever since Roosevelt's first election; they seem to feel that their opponents are somehow not quite patriotic and they reserve for themselves the appellation "real Americans."

One of the present efforts of this general grouping is the highly organized attempt to get ten million signatures on petitions asking vindication of McCarthy in the Senate censure debate. Another of the organizations is called the "Committee for Constitutional Government, Incorporated"; another is called "For America," a moving spirit of which is Colonel McCormick of the Chicago *Tribune*. McCarthy provides a potential rallying point for all these groups, in spite of their differing immediate aims, and it could be that he will emerge as the leader of the biggest, most cohesive amalgam of disaffected right-wingers that the country has seen in many years.

But McCarthy has never bothered to hammer out a positive program; he has confined himself to anti-Communism; he was originally a Democrat; he has not been very conservative on domestic affairs, nor isolationist on foreign affairs; and so, should all these groups really combine and get down to cases for 1956, a man like Bricker, rather than McCarthy, might emerge as the leader. It is possible that their first effort would be to nominate their own kind of man in the Republican Convention, and move to a national third party only if that effort fails.

IN ANY CASE, this widespread, amorphous move is, at least, a herald of infighting and splintering within the Republican Party over the next two years. It is much too soon to believe these people could dictate the Republican nomination; and American history gives no encouragement to the notion that a third party in the 1956 race *could* ensure Republican defeat. In 1948, Truman could afford to lose three states, including New York, because of the Progressive Party vote, and four more states because of the Dixiecrat vote.

The election figures of this November 2, however, give no reason to think the Republican Party could afford the same indulgence.

(A broadcast by Mr. Sevareid over CBS Radio, November 23)

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Let's Try Capitalism In Foreign Trade

WILLIAM H. DRAPER, Jr.

"I HAVE never doubted that President Eisenhower's head and heart were in the right place," said Sir Arthur Fadden, Australian Governor of the World Bank, at the Bank's annual meeting in Washington last fall, "but as practical men, responsible to our own people for their welfare, we are obliged to focus, not upon words and hopes, but upon capacity and deeds . . . I trust that I will not be misunderstood by our American colleagues . . . when I say that we still await action."

Six weeks later, on November 11, the Eisenhower Administration, through Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey, agreed to action that would permit the United States to participate in a world investment project to be called the International Finance Corporation, whose purpose is to find private financial backing for promising endeavors of private producers around the world. Mr. Eisenhower has also announced his determination to reduce "man-made barriers to mutual trade" and "thus enhance our own . . . security by strengthening our friends abroad" —as recommended by the Randall Commission, which he named to overhaul our foreign economic policy.

These companion needs—to invest in expansion of world production and to remove obstacles to world trade—were widely discussed at the World Bank meeting last fall. And Sir Arthur Fadden's call for action instead of words from America was echoed by many of the three hundred leaders of finance and commerce who were there representing fifty-six nations.

TO ME, the chorus is a familiar one. During the decade in which I represented the United States abroad, I have been asked over and over again an embarrassing question that can be bluntly translated from the circumspect language of diplomacy as: "When are you Americans going to start practicing what you preach to us?"

The answer, of course, is largely up to Congress, which has consistently shown more readiness to appropriate funds for handouts to our friends and allies than to pass legislation that would permit them to compete freely in our market—and thus earn our dollars instead of begging for them.

The slogan "trade, not aid" has been heard on Capitol Hill in many speeches on foreign affairs—but is reflected in very few bills. It was first coined a couple of years ago by my friend R. A. ("Rab") Butler, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, in one of the meetings of European Finance Ministers where I was insisting that the United States really did believe in free competition and certainly did want to encourage the healthy growth of capitalism in the world.

I insisted because I knew it was true, even though our habit of raising tariffs and imposing quotas on imports seemed then—and still seems —poor evidence to Europeans.

At the World Bank meeting this fall, Butler was still pleading for better evidence.

Butler used humor to illustrate his point. Addressing the chairman, he said: "You, sir, have suggested that a young girl should jump in to bathe. I come from a country where the climate is somewhat colder than it is here—and from the east coast of England where bathing is quite an adventure. I speak not as a young girl, of which I have very little experience, but as the father of a family. . . . It's usual for the father of a family on the east coast of England . . . to test the water with his feet before entering the sea. That, I suggest, would be a prudent course for some of us."

It's time and overtime for Americans to adjust the temperature of the water, as "Rab" Butler might say, on this side of the Atlantic, by giving the free capitalism in which we profess such deep conviction a more obvious role in our economic foreign policy.

Decade of Stability

When the Eighty-fourth Congress convenes next month, it has a made-to-order chance to do just that—by taking prompt action on the Administration's requests to increase foreign investment and decrease barriers to trade.

It seems to me there are two moves Congress should make to stimulate a freer flow of both goods and money. The first is to give a ten-year guarantee that we will not create any further obstacles in our market to customer choice between domestic and foreign goods. If this assurance is offered in the right way, it can set off a chain reaction in other markets of the non-Communist world. Therefore:

I suggest we promise not to increase present tariffs or decrease present

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quotas or apply new restrictions for ten years, in return for similar—though not necessarily identical—concessions from other democratic nations.

The guarantees should be exchanged in the form of "stable-trade" treaties, ratified by the parliaments concerned—in our case, the Senate. The treaties should reflect a common intention to equalize opportunity to buy and sell freely in the markets of the world through concessions made in proportion to the economic strength of the signers.

WHILE THIS PROPOSAL will not satisfy free traders who are clamoring for something bolder than merely holding the status quo, it would offer foreign businessmen the stability they have a moral right to demand as a basis for doing business with the United States.

At present our market is sheer chaos for the foreign producer. No American would dream of trying to do business under conditions that make it almost impossible to make even a rough estimate of risks and profits in advance, and yet that is exactly what the foreign businessman is up against when he tries to trade in the United States.

He never knows when we will restrict imports of his product or how we will do it. Heading a long list of the devices we use for this purpose are two that have done our country's reputation inestimable harm abroad. They are the escape clause and the quota.

Two Jokers in the Deck

The escape clause is a loophole in our foreign-trade contracts that permits us to void our half of a tariff agreement whenever our Tariff Commission and our President look with favor on a domestic manufacturer's appeal for more protection than the contract allows. This is the device under which the tariff on watch movements was recently hiked, with repercussions that are described on page 19 of this issue.

The quota, most often used to limit agricultural imports, is equally tricky, and we seem to have a genius for applying it in critical moments at the expense of our own efforts to strengthen our allies against Communist blandishments or aggression.

For example, while I was serving as U.S. representative to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization Council, Congress slapped a quota on cheese, which cut Danish blue-cheese sales to the United States two-thirds. This move enormously complicated negotiations for an American-

R. A. Butler

equipped NATO air base strategically located at the narrowest part of the vital sea corridor connecting the Baltic and the Atlantic—eight minutes by jet flight from Russian-controlled air bases in Communist East Germany.

More recent examples concern almonds and figs. The Italian almond-growing district is one of the regions where Communists have been making steady gains—which United States officials in Italy have been working hard to counterbalance. So we imposed a quota on almonds, and while our officials were trying with some embarrassment to "explain" it, Communist-owned companies stepped in and quietly bought up the entire crop, at higher than normal prices.

The almond quota was applied under Section 22 of the Agricultural Adjustment Act. According to the terms of this Act, the President, on advice from the Secretary of Agriculture and after investigation by the Tariff Commission, may impose curbs whenever he finds that a foreign import threatens a product receiving price support under our Federal farm program.

California's fig growers are now trying to crawl under this umbrella of protection. They openly admit that they are seeking to become part of the Federal program (they already have state price supports) so that they will be eligible to apply for a quota on foreign figs. The present threat to Turkish fig producers comes on top of a tariff increase two years ago that nearly doubled the duties. And it comes at a time when we are counting on Turkey to play a strategic role in linking European, Middle Eastern, and Far Eastern defense plans.

IT IS TRUE that the United States is not the only country that resorts to quotas. At the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade Conference in Geneva, where forty-seven nations are currently attempting to improve their trade relations, it is a toss-up as to who had been more bitter about the other's use of the quota—the United States or western Europe. Western European quotas, however, have been imposed under circumstances quite different from ours. Under the terms of the European Payments Union, countries that are importing more than they export and are behind on their payments for imports are permitted to impose quotas until their debts have been met. It is a way of preventing the bankruptcy of entire nations.

To object to this rule while insisting on our own right to use quotas merely to protect special interests is to complain about the mote in our brother's eye while steadfastly ignoring the beam in our own.

Even our campaign for "equal treatment" at Geneva is not wholly logical for us as the biggest creditor nation in the world. After all, it's certainly to the advantage of every American taxpayer for debtor nations to regain economic independence.

That is why in my proposal for a series of "stable-trade" treaties I have suggested that concessions be made "in proportion to the economic strength of the signers"—rather than on a basis of tit for tat.

For ten years these treaties would

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put a ceiling on restrictive practices in our trade relationships with nations agreeing to them. They would ban new quotas and new tariffs. They would prevent use of the escape clause as a means of increasing existing tariffs, and they would do this without repealing the legislation that authorizes application of such devices.

THE RESULT in this country would be that Congress would be free from some of the pressures of sectional and minority-interest campaigns for trade restrictions; it would give both houses more freedom to think in terms of the national interest. A cut in the number of cases where Section 22 of the Agricultural Adjustment Act could be used to obtain quotas would relieve the Secretary of Agriculture of similar pressures.

Nor would the treaties interfere with the President's right to *decrease* tariffs under the Reciprocal Trade Act. Moreover, if the Randall Commission's recommendations are acted upon in the Eighty-fourth Congress, as President Eisenhower has urged, their provisions for freer trade would be insured for at least a decade by these "stable-trade" treaties. Without some such insurance, many of the Randall recommendations — even though written into law—could be circumvented by use of the escape clause and the quota.

The IFC Plan

By reducing barriers to the distribution of goods, these treaties would also improve the climate for international investment. Half their value would be lost if we did not take advantage of the fact. Therefore, I feel that I am forced to take issue with the Administration's tentative plan to postpone until 1956 Congressional consideration of the International Finance Corporation.

I urge that legislation authorizing our participation in the International Finance Corporation be introduced in the next session of Congress in order to co-ordinate the free flow of money with the free flow of goods.

At the present time more than half of America's foreign aid is going to parts of the world that stand to benefit most by the IFC plan to expand world production. These areas, though rich in raw materials, lack the wherewithal to dig them out of the earth and turn them into goods that can be sold to other nations. Since these are also areas where the struggle against Communism is most critical, the U.S. Foreign Operations Administration has just suggested that the next Congress give them an even bigger appropriation than the present one.

Shigeru Yoshida of Japan recently asked for a $4-billion "Asian Marshall Plan." He called the present $400 million supplied by the United States, the World Bank, and the Colombo Plan of the British Commonwealth "only one-tenth" of what is actually needed if underdeveloped lands are to be kept out of the hands of the Communists.

The public bill for such assistance can be reduced as private investment in foreign enterprises is increased. But at best the process of evolution from public to private financing will be slow, and there is no sense in skyrocketing public aid while at the same time postponing until 1956 a start on a program of private investment.

The official reason given for delaying IFC's introduction to Congress is the need for further study. The truth is that IFC has already been studied for nearly four years by the World Bank, which has issued two progress reports on it, both implying that the only real obstacle to its launching has been unwillingness of the United States to put up its share of the initial capital. That obstacle has now been eliminated at a policy level. So let's move on Congress.

The proposal will not be new to Capitol Hill. In 1952 Representative Jacob K. Javits (R., New York) attached to the House foreign-aid appropriations bill an amendment earmarking funds for U.S. participation in IFC. The amendment was passed in the Senate but later dropped in a Senate-House conference. At that time the proposal did not have—as it now does—the Administration's backing, the endorsement of thirty other nations, and the approval of the management of the World Bank.

The project was first popularized by Nelson Rockefeller as chairman of the International Development Advisory Board, which at President Truman's request made an exhaustive study of additional ways and means for practical economic aid to underdeveloped areas. That board, after consultation with the World Bank, came up with the IFC idea as a way of demonstrating to the world that the creative use of private capital can produce, at the same time, profit for investors and a better standard of living for many people in the areas invested in.

HERE'S how it works: Subscriptions in the parent company—IFC—are open to all governments that are members of the World Bank. Although U.S. Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey has described IFC as a $100-million corporation, the World Bank management believes it could start with pledges of half that—the pledges to be called in only as needed. The proposed *maximum* U.S. share is $35 million. Once in business, IFC will match investors seeking a profit with requests from industries seeking to start new ventures or expand old ones.

It will also purchase shares in projects it recommends, and through resale of these shares will attempt to snowball its own capital so as to grow from a pilot project to a going concern without further recourse to the public treasury.

To conclude a deal under IFC would require a four-way partnership:

¶ Sound men with a sound idea—

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say a group of Turkish fig growers who wanted to start a modern plant for packaging their product;

¶ IFC itself, which could either make a loan or buy stock;

¶ Some Turkish investors who could also afford to buy stock, though not enough to get the whole plant going;

¶ An American investor.

Suppose the management of a U.S. baking company is interested in establishing a direct source of supply for high-quality, low-cost figs to be used in cakes and cookies. I postulate a corporation because corporations are more likely to have the incentive and capital to make the heavy investment this kind of enterprise would need.

The Americans' first question might be: What protection will our company's investment have? The answer is that although the threat of political unrest and instability of currencies often make investment abroad more precarious than at home, Turkey is a recent addition to the list of countries like Mexico, Colombia, Peru, Uruguay, and Thailand where the law gives foreign and domestic capital substantially equal opportunity for expansion and where, barring crises, a foreign investor can get his money back—with interest—whenever he pleases.

Though IFC would operate only in such countries, there would, of course, still be some risk involved. For instance, profits and perhaps even capital would be cut if the official rate at which Turkish liras can be exchanged for dollars should drop after the stock was purchased. On the other hand, if the American company is willing to take this risk, it may reap a dollar profit as high as thirty per cent or even more on the original investment.

IN GENERAL, you can earn bigger dividends on your dollars abroad than at home—if you are willing to accept correspondingly higher risks. In Turkey a current risk is the $100-million foreign debt, which could cause a shortage of foreign currency unless exports are greatly increased. Therefore, if your company owned stock in a Turkish fig-packaging plant, the threat of an American quota on fig imports might have you lobbying in Washington. Maybe that wouldn't be such a bad idea!

It's Up to Us

My own interest in increasing foreign investment comes not only from years of experience in government service abroad but also from my personal business experience in the past year as chairman of the Mexican Light and Power Company. I have seen with my own eyes how foreign investment can help a whole country skip decades in its industrial advance. Several months ago the company's new hydroelectric station Patla was opened with the blessing of Mexico's President. Twenty years ago the Mexican Light and Power Company didn't have the cash to string necessary power lines. Today the company supplies half of Mexico's power and light and has enough left to serve the new steel and mining industries. Almost alone among Latin-American capitals, Mexico City now has power to spare, without restrictions and brownouts. And investors are now reaping dividends. But to keep up this rate of progress, our company will have to generate and distribute twice as much power a decade from now, at a cost of over $200 million. So I freely confess to a certain personal prejudice in favor of IFC and more foreign investment!

Nor have I ever agreed with the objection to IFC that was raised at the National Foreign Trade Convention last month—and will almost certainly be raised many times again—that it is wrong to risk public money in private enterprise. On the contrary, I am confident that a combination of public and private dollars offers more protection for the public share, because the private investor keeps an eagle eye on his. For example, if the $1 million of ECA funds spent in teaching Danes to sell their cheese in the American market had included direct personal investment, highly articulate investors might have prevented Congress from dumping it down the drain by restricting cheese imports.

And though it is true that investment in an international corporation slated to buy and sell stock is "risky," it seems to me no more so than the government's present practice of making farm loans where the only security is crops that accumulate in warehouses until they rot. At least IFC would stimulate production and distribution—not stultify it.

AS "Rab" Butler declared at the World Bank meeting: "Above all we must recognize that the free world lives and breathes, strives and triumphs, only in the fresh air and clean winds of initiative and opportunity. We must live in such a world if the spirit of man is to expand."

Not only is the United States big enough and strong enough to encourage expansion of world production and world markets—the truth is we cannot keep our strength or hope to increase it any other way.

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Swiss Watches And American Tariffs

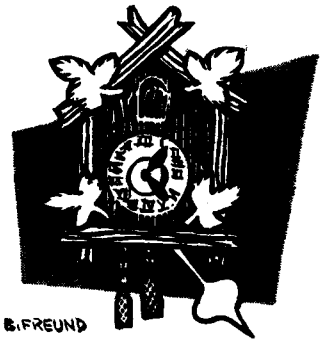
LEONARD GROSS

THE SWISS went on an emotional binge last July 27 when President Eisenhower approved a tariff increase of up to fifty per cent on imported watch movements of seventeen jewels or less. Thousands of these usually calm people gathered at mass meetings in watchmaking areas. Others stopped Americans on the street to demand an explanation —"as though I were Eisenhower himself," one American recalled. A professor at the University of Zurich interrupted his lecture to lace into an American student sitting in a back row. One tobacco store displayed a sign: "We no longer sell American cigarettes." And a distributor of U.S. cars reported that he was swamped with cancellations.

One American wire service put out a story that the Swiss were on a buyers' strike against American products. Another, beaten on the story, said there was nothing to it. Both were more or less correct. There was an immediate boycott, but it couldn't last. The Swiss are almost as accustomed to our products as we are; it was no surprise, therefore, that in the office of the watchmakers' association itself an official who swore on July 27 that he would never smoke another American cigarette appeared the next day with a fresh pack.

A few Swiss still refuse to buy American. But General Motors, which maintains an assembly plant in Bienne, reports that the percentage of American cars in Switzerland rose 1.8 cent from July to August. The company's appliance division reported a normal seasonal drop, nothing more. Other American firms, furnishing the Swiss with tires, oil, office equipment, and chemicals, also report normal demand, giving support to the belief that our $150-million annual export bundle to Switzerland—which always pays cash—will remain intact.

The Swiss government wants no trade war with us, if for no other reason than that it could not win one. (The Swiss buy three dollars' worth of our goods for every dollar they earn in the United States.) But the idea of doing business with the Communists is acquiring an increasing acceptance among the Swiss as the unpleasant but essential alternative to a furtherance of restrictive trade policies by the United States. Like it or not, when it comes to a question of selling to the Communists or not selling at all, the Swiss will sell to the Communists.



One conservative businessman commented, "This is what the insignificant Swiss Communist Party has been advocating all along. President Eisenhower played right into its hands."

A Paradox

Europeans, traditionally receptive to Democratic victories in the United States, remembered that in 1952 former President Truman ruled against an increase in the tariff on Swiss watches with the opinion that the increase "would be striking a heavy blow at our whole effort to increase international trade and permit friendly nations to earn their own dollars." It was natural, therefore, that the Europeans would regard the watch decision as an absolute test of the new Administration's attitude toward foreign trade. The recommendation signed by Mr. Eisenhower raised the tariff to the same record high established in 1930, under President Hoover.

The Swiss are pretty certain that "protection for defense" actually had very little to do with Mr. Eisenhower's decision. They became aware, as the summer wore on, of delicate political situations in Illinois, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, where the three petitioning companies—Elgin, Hamilton, and Waltham—are located and of how a favorable decision by the President was supposed to help Republicans contesting for office in those states. How the Swiss feel about the decision is perhaps best illustrated by a statement of Willy Bretscher, chairman of the foreign-affairs committee of the Swiss National Council.

"Can one imagine a bigger paradox than that of a nation spending $30 billion in economic aid for Europe, then turning around and inflicting a heavy blow upon a small democratic state by way of a measure of narrowest high-tariff policy, in order to 'protect' three American watch-manufacturing firms with an annual business total of $90 million, and which are not in any demonstrable need?"

AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVES meeting in Geneva right now can do a great deal to calm the fears and doubts that the tariff decision on Swiss watches has caused among our allies. Since October 28, we have been bargaining there with other western countries at the conference on General Agreements on Tariffs and Trade. The Swiss will certainly ask us to lower duties or impose less strict conditions on the importation of Swiss embroideries, dyestuffs, and other products. Other nations will also try to make agreements with us that will make dollar earning easier.

What the countries of Europe really want is the elimination of the "escape clause" in our trade agreements. In effect, this clause permits American manufacturers to back out of a contract at any time by pleading unfair competition from abroad and demanding an increased tariff. The European businessmen do not care so much about the duty involved in a contract as they do about its stability. Without stability they cannot plan—and a contract with an escape clause is far from stable.

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The Red Uprising At Fort Nirvana

JAMES MAXWELL

IT ALL began on a Tuesday afternoon in the early spring of 1944. The commanding officer of our Counter Intelligence Corps detachment in Middletown—all names are camouflaged—called me into his office and said, "I just received a call from Captain Flemming, the Intelligence Officer at Fort Nirvana. He wouldn't tell me his troubles, but he sounded like someone was about to have triplets in his office. He wants us to send someone out there right away. Suppose you go out and see what's happening."

The Fort was only about ten miles from Middletown, and I was in Captain Flemming's office a half hour later. He was staring unhappily through the window at some soldiers doing close-order drill, but it was obvious from his glazed expression that he saw nothing. When I introduced myself, he only nodded his head slowly. I waited, and when he didn't speak I asked him if there was anything I could do.

"Reds," he said, turning from the window to face me. "Suddenly there are Reds all over the place."

"Really?" I asked, somewhat uneasily.

"I am not," he said stiffly, "slipping a cog. See if you can make any sense out of this situation." He indicated a chair, and when I was seated he went to a file, unlocked a drawer, and took out a folder.

"Everything was going along fine until about ten days ago," he said, "and then, without warning, sixteen G.I.s—all of them privates, by the way—begin going all over the camp bragging that they're Communists, telling anybody who'll listen to them. A few days later, they all started to carry copies of the *Daily Worker* or *New Masses* around, always prominently displayed like signs on a picket line. The funny thing is, I've never seen any of them reading the sheets. They just tote them around whenever they're not on duty."

"Are these men fairly widely distributed throughout the camp?" I asked.

Captain Flemming shook his head. "They're all in the same company. Whoever the organizer is, he's sure one hell of a salesman."

"I suppose you've talked with some of the men?" I said.

"All of them," he said. "That's strange, too. Not one of them made any attempt to cover up. As a matter of fact, they all seemed delighted to tell me they were Communists. A lot

of them kept emphasizing the point as if they were afraid I wouldn't believe them."

"What kind of men are they?"

"That's what has me spinning," the Captain said. "They're just ordinary G.I.s, no better or worse soldiers than the run of the mine. Not a longhair or a red-hot class-struggle guy in the lot. Most of them are from farms or small towns in Indiana or Illinois or Iowa. My personal guess is that until the last few weeks not one of them knew whether Karl Marx was a ballet dancer or a shortstop in the Texas League. That's why I called your office. I thought you'd be able to do some kind of a background check on them and see what they were doing before the war."

"Are they likely to be shipped out of here in the near future?" I asked.

"They'll be here at least eight weeks more," the Captain told me.

"That will give us time," I said. "Just a couple of more questions. Have these men made any attempt to convert others to the cause?"

"Not so far," he said.

"Have they held any meetings that you know of?"

"I'm almost certain they haven't," the Captain said. "I've had a couple of men keeping an eye on them ever since this started." He sighed. "That's what I mean. They're just like all the other Joes around the Fort except for telling everyone they're Reds, and carrying those papers around with them."

"I'll see what we can do," I said with no great certainty. I borrowed the Captain's file containing the names of the sixteen Communists and résumés of their service records and went back to the CIC office.

AN EXAMINATION of the papers was of little help. A couple of the men had received company punishment for some such minor infractions as overstaying a three-day pass, but their commanding officer said that as a group they presented no greater disciplinary problems than any other random assembly of men. The next day, our office sent out requests for background investigations of the self-proclaimed revolutionists.

One morning before we received replies to our inquiries, I stopped in to see the man who operated the largest newsstand in Middletown. I had been a customer of his for some time and we had come to know each other fairly well. I asked him if he sold many copies of the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses*.

"Maybe a half-dozen copies of each," he said. "I always have a lot of returns."

"Do soldiers buy many of them?"

The vendor shook his head. "A few, maybe one now and then, but no regulars." Suddenly he smiled. "Damnedest thing happened about a month or so ago, though. Bunch of guys from out at the Fort hit this place in a gang and cleaned out every *Worker* and *Masses* on the stand. I guess it was some kind of a gag. They were never in before and they haven't been back."

The reports of the background investigations were equally baffling. Before entering the Army, not one

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of the men had ever belonged to any organization more suspect than the 4-H Clubs, the Future Farmers of America, or the Boy Scouts. No former employer, neighbor, or fellow worker had ever heard any member of the group make a political statement that would not be placidly received at an American Legion meeting.

"Maybe this is the great secret weapon of the war," our detachment commander said. "Apparently the Communists have invented an ideological pill to be dropped in mess-hall soup." He assigned another agent and me to interview the members of the Fort Nirvana cell, and instructed us to be highly circumspect in our behavior. "Remember," he said, "that these men haven't violated any military or civil laws. It's just that if they are telling the truth, we don't want them to wind up in some spot like a radar school."

The Confession of Pvt. Sellers

Captain Flemming had secured two small offices for us in one of the temporary buildings at Fort Nirvana, and we began our talks with the Communists early the next morning. Since we had no idea how long each conference would last, the Captain provided us with one of the clerks in his office to act as messenger and bring in the men from their duties as we were ready for them.

The first visitor to my cubicle was a Private Sellers, a tall, thin man in his early twenties, with broad, bony shoulders and faded reddish hair. He smiled self-consciously when I told him why I wanted to talk with him. He sat on the second chair in the room and accepted one of my cigarettes. We talked casually for a few minutes and he told me, in answer to my questions, that he lived in a small town in Indiana, had left high school about midway through his third year, and had worked as a clerk for a chain grocery before the war.

"Are you," I asked, "a philosophical Marxist or an actual member of the party?"

"I don't get ya," he said.

"I mean, are you a card-carrying member of the Communist Party?"

"I guess I got a card somewheres," he said uneasily. "I ain't got it with me, though."

"When did you join?"

"I don't know exactly," he said. "Maybe a couple, three years ago."

"Before you entered the Army?"

"I guess it was. It's kinda hard to remember."

"Have you ever read *The Communist Manifesto?*"

"I ain't much of a reader," Sellers said. Suddenly his face brightened. "I got a copy of that magazine, though, that ah... ah... *New Masses*, over in my barracks. Want me to get it and show ya?"

"I'll take your word for it," I told him. "Are you in favor of overthrowing the government by revolution?"

"Hell, no!" he said indignantly. "I don't like no rough stuff."

"Sorry," I said, "I just asked. Did you ever hear of dialectical materialism?"

"Not till you said it."

"What do you think of Kerensky?" I asked.

Sellers shifted uncomfortably in his chair. "He's all right, I guess," he said.

"How about Trotsky?"

"He's O.K., too." Neither of us said anything for a moment. "Ain't he one of the Communists?" he said.

"A somewhat different branch of the family," I said. "He's dead now."

"Tough," he said sympathetically.

This curious and baffling dialogue went on for another half hour. After a short time, I ceased asking him to talk about himself and his ideas. Unfortunately, this change in technique in no way clarified the many matters that were troubling me.

I learned that he viewed labor unions with dark suspicion, believed that under no circumstances should the United States become engaged in foreign wars, and never missed church service on Sunday. When I maneuvered the talk into the area of economics, I commented that some people thought that the general standard of living would be raised if the government took over all manufacturing and distribution. Sellers shook his head with disdain. "Them guys down in Washington," he said, "would louse up the detail in a week."

"Who in hell ever said you were a Communist?" I said with poorly concealed exasperation.

He stiffened abruptly and a worried look came into his eyes. "I *am* a Communist," he said, with no real conviction in his voice. "Honest I am."

I spent several minutes trying to get him to admit that his statement was false, but he stubbornly maintained his position. Finally I told him that he could leave.

The other interviews during the morning followed the same preposterous pattern. One or two of the men were surly, one was painfully nervous, and the others were pleasant and at ease, but all of them displayed nearly total ignorance of even the fundamentals of Marxism and the party line. And all repeatedly insisted that they were Communists.

Comparing Notes

I met my fellow agent, Ted Moran, in the hall at noon. It was apparent from the distant look in his eyes that his morning had been no different than mine. "My hold on sanity," he said as we walked toward the PX, "is best described as tenuous. One more day of this and I'll be convinced that Stalin is a reincarnation of the late Calvin Coolidge."

"My day has been no better," I told him.

"Does any small part of this make the slightest sense to you?" he asked.

"Not unless I accept the theory that this is the biggest practical joke in the history of the U.S. Army," I said.

"But why?" Ted asked with a slightly rising voice. "Why this particular stupid story? Why don't they go around telling people they're fairies or drug addicts or fugitives from the FBI? Some damned fool might believe them then."

We ate our sandwich-and-malted-milk lunch at the PX in gloomy silence. On the way back to our temporary office I said, "We only have three interviews apiece to complete the list. If neither of us turns up an answer, why don't we work together on one of these boys? Maybe if we

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rattle him, he'll tell what's going on."

Ted shrugged. "It can't hurt anything," he said. "Anyway, we can tighten up the thongs on each other's strait jacket. Any candidates?"

"The first man I talked with, Private Sellers, might be a good bet."

"I'll come down to your cell as soon as I'm finished with my last man," Ted said.

MY THREE remaining interviews were completely fruitless. A few minutes after I had finished talking with the last man, Ted came into my office. "No luck?" I said.

"No luck."

I called to the clerk in the hall and asked him to get Private Sellers.

Sellers was obviously nervous when he came in. He sat erect in the straight chair and refused my offer of a cigarette. Ted and I began to question him, slowly at first but with a gradually increasing pace. We asked him to identify well-known Russian and American Communists, to tell us something about the structure and operation of the party, to discuss some of its basic doctrine. He would have done as well in an examination in neurosurgery.

We ridiculed his pretensions of being a Communist but gave him friendly assurance that admitting the lie would bring no penalty. "You and your friends wouldn't be violating any laws even if you were Reds," Ted told him. "But you're not, and all we want to know is why you started this silly business in the first place."

Finally Sellers grinned sheepishly and relaxed in the chair. "We just wanted to go to Kansas," he said in a low voice.

"What?" Ted and I said in unison.

"We wanted to go to Kansas," Sellers repeated.

"Now wait a minute!" Ted said loudly. "I've listened to all the damned nonsense I can take in one day. Don't start all over again."

"I'm telling the truth, honest I am," Sellers said.

"Take this slowly," I said. "Do you mean you, personally, or all of you wanted to go to Kansas?"

"All of us," he said.

"I'm almost afraid to ask this question," Ted said, "but what does going to Kansas have to do with your claiming to be Communists?"

"If you're a Red," Sellers explained patiently, "that's where they ship you."

Ted and I looked at each other for several moments without speaking. "Where did you get that idea?" I finally managed to ask.

"Back in the last camp we was at," Sellers said. "We had a real screwy character in our outfit, always talking about how great Russia was and how guys who work would be running this country after the war—stuff like that. He was always gettin'

that Communist paper and that magazine in the mail and he'd always pass 'em around to the guys to look at. Well, just before we ship out to this place—and ya usually go to a staging area from here—they take him outta our outfit and send him to some jerkwater camp in Kansas. A coupla guys start askin' questions and we find that's where they send all the Reds. So when we get here, some of us get to talkin' and . . ." His voice came to a slow, embarrassed halt.

"Please don't stop now," Ted implored in a strange drawing-room voice.

"Well," Sellers said, "some of us guys got to talkin' and we figured a hell of a lot of guys are gonna get shot up before this thing is over, and all the time them bastards is settin' it out in Kansas. So we decided if all ya gotta do is say you're a Red, ya might as well do it and get garrison duty. Kansas ain't *that* bad."

"You'd better go away and let us think this over quietly, Comrade," I said.

WHEN he had gone, Ted looked at me. "That idiot couldn't have made up something like that," he said.

"Of course not," I said, "but let's get some others in here and check."

Within a half hour, all of the others had verified Sellers's story. As soon as we had finished with them, Ted and I went to Captain Flemming's office and told him what we had found.

The Captain, somewhat to our surprise, reacted as though we had discovered bubonic plague on the post. "My God!" he said. "What if this insane idea really spreads?"

"We can only make investigations," I said, "so we rarely know anything about the disposition of a case. Is there any basis for what these men were trying to do?"

"I don't know whether it's Army policy in all camps," Captain Flemming said, "but on this post and everywhere else I've been, all Communists have been pulled out of their units and sent to spots well in the interior of the country."

"I think we'd better write a nice long report on this," Ted said, "and get it in fast."

"Either that or have the flower of the U.S. Army devoting its full time to picking up cigarette butts in the corn belt," the Captain said.

The Counterrevolution

Despite the Army's reputation for becoming enmeshed in its own red tape, it can move with remarkable agility when necessary. Within a week after our report had been submitted, the commanding officer of Fort Nirvana received an order to send all professed or known Communists immediately to a port of embarkation. I don't know how many posts received this directive, but I doubt that distribution was restricted to the one encampment.

Not long after the order had arrived, I stopped in to see Captain Flemming and found him in excellent spirits. I asked him what use he had made of the directive.

"Well," he said, "I couldn't exactly post it on every barracks bulletin board, but I saw to it that word was circulated. It isn't much of a job in a rumor mill like this."

"What was the effect on your pet cell?" I asked.

"I think," he said, "that I can confidently state that the revolution has been temporarily postponed at Fort Nirvana."

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Malaya: The 'Emergency' In Its Seventh Year

HAN SUYIN

JOHORE

MALAYA is not a colony in name, yet it is subject to an authority stemming from the Colonial Office in London. To make things more confused, it is a Federation, but its largest city, Singapore, is a Crown Colony. Another complication is that the Federation consists of nine states, each ruled by a different sultan surrounded by hereditary aristocracy, Prime Ministers, and British advisers. Nothing of moment can be decided without consulting these sultans, who of course are not overanxious for progress or constitutional reform. In this bewildering country of paradox, it is the British Colonial Government that has to push toward democratic progress.

Malaya is not a nation in the modern sense. It is a nation in the making. The term indicates a multiracial agglomerate of three million Malays, three million Chinese, and near a million Indians, with a sprinkling of fifty thousand Europeans. Malaya means money. This little peninsula is the largest dollar earner of the Commonwealth.

The Emergency

In June, 1948, the Emergency—as the war here is called—began officially, though a year of turbulence, labor trouble, and murder had preceded the announcement. The guerrilla soldiers of the Malayan anti-Japanese units went back to the jungle, unburied the caches of arms and ammunition that they hadn't turned in after V-J Day, and started the Malayan Communist Party's terrorist campaign designed to wrest power from the British. These terrorists have since been estimated to be ninety-five per cent Chinese, five per cent Malayan.

Official pronouncements during the past years have alternated between optimism (to boost morale) and cautious warnings (to avoid complacency). The ebullient General Sir Gerald Templer, who used to hit the headlines at least four times a week, was rather prone to unabashed self-contradiction in his statements about the Emergency. Since his replacement as High Commissioner by the self-effacing Sir Donald MacGillivray, the tenor of speeches has tended toward caution.

THE EMERGENCY has changed over the years in fury and complexity. The savageness and indiscriminate violence of the first two years have gone, replaced by a deceptive lull, followed now by the growing realization that more insidious methods are being used.

Enough terrorism remains, however, to pin down British Commonwealth forces numbering around forty thousand. They are reinforced by sixty thousand police, mostly Malays, and 200,000 Home Guards. The terrorist army that forces the country to this enormous expenditure in energy and money is variously estimated at 3,000 to 6,000.

Searches and Seizures

Malaya is a country in a state of siege. Although collective punishment, by which an entire community was deported or detained, was abolished last year, villages are still affected collectively by food restrictions, house searches, and curfews. Besides the ordinary 7 P.M. to 6 A.M. curfew that prevails over two-thirds of the countryside, there are also all-day-and-night curfews, clamped down in the course of military operations, or for purposes of checking up on the inhabitants of a region.

During these curfews, mitigated, if possible, by a two-hour free stretch in the morning when the villagers are allowed to buy food, cook, wash clothes, draw water, and perform all the essentials of a day's living, no one is allowed out of doors on pain of being shot on sight. Naturally these measures are disruptive of the economic life of the region affected, and leave behind them, however necessary and well-intentioned they may be, an atmosphere of resentment and hostility.

Armed patrols in jeeps and cars drive along the roads or conduct house-to-house searches for seditious literature, pamphlets, rubber sheetings, extra rubber shoes or towels or medicine, or extra rice, all of which may have been kept for the use of the family, or again may be stored for passing to the Communists.

In one such recent operation, nine tons of rice were confiscated in one day.

"It's hard to explain to the people that it's not punishment," said a young English officer to me as we stood in the middle of a village under curfew, watching the armed patrols going from hut to hut.

The Police

The Britishers' sense of fair play and moderation, and their innate instinct for law, have been useful as a counterpoise to what might otherwise have been a terror all its own, but it has not been infrequent for individuals like myself to receive letters from people who were suffering both from terrorist demands for food and money and from police methods. "We are between two perils," they wrote. "We walk between fire and water. There is no way out."

Efforts have been made over the six-odd years of the Emergency to humanize the police force, to give it ideals of courtesy and service, and to render it popular and therefore efficient. Language difficulties (nearly all the suspects being Chinese and nearly all the police being British or Malay), ignorance, and mistrust created insuperable difficulties. Though the force has improved in discipline and organization, it still cannot be said to be "popular" in the sense in which the London bobby is popular. And over the years, the military mind tended to impress

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upon the conduct of the war a hypnotic fascination for the military solution. The English press in Malaya exhibited a fatal tendency to emphasize and to evaluate success in terms of "kills."

Bashers vs. Intelligence

"Jungle-bashing," as it was called, became a kind of sport, a shooting competition among the various famous regiments stationed in Malaya. A good "bag" of say four bodies brought telegrams of congratulations. A general distribution of honors and medals quickly followed a few good kills.

But under this constant headlining of military "success" in terms of the bodies of guerrillas brought in triumph to police stations to be identified, there was an undercurrent of polite grumbling from the intelligence branch of the police. This branch was responsible for gathering and collating information, a process requiring time and care and a great deal of money paid out to informers and agents. Slowly and painfully the police would build up a trap for a gang, only to find the army springing it by premature jungle-bashing, by rushing in for a "kill" before penetration and knowledge were completed.

Take a recent instance. Not long ago one of the English papers reported a battalion of Gurkhas as leaving Malaya after six years of jungle war during which its total score of kills was 208 "bandits."

Working it out, this comes to thirty-four kills a year, or about three per month. For these kills, 605 Gurkhas had to be maintained in this country with all it entailed of expenditure and organization. And the Gurkhas are reputed to have scored the highest number of kills of any unit in Malaya!

Small wonder that the retiring director of information in his farewell broadcast a few months ago said that it cost $180,000 to kill a terrorist.

Changes in Tactics

The decrease in a terrorism once widespread and furious and now no more than sporadic was once hailed as the hallmark of impending victory, although now a more sober assessment is in the making.

In 1952 the terrorists seemed on the verge of defeat. The intensive food-control measures upon the villages seemed to have disrupted some, if not all, of their supply. "In-

cidents," which covers ambushes, killings, slashing of rubber trees, etc., dropped from 6,100 in 1951 to 4,700 in 1952 and 1,100 in 1953. Since this improvement coincided with Templer's arrival (in February, 1952), there was a tendency to quote with enthusiasm these symptoms of quiescence as signs of defeat due to Templer's undoubtedly dynamic personality and forceful carrying through of security measures.

On the other hand, since the end of 1952 quite a few voices have been raised to proclaim that this was only an apparent improvement, since it was due to a change of tactics on the part of the Malayan Communist Party itself.

In September, 1951, the Malayan Communist Party issued a directive to all its units scattered over Malaya ordering a cessation of indiscriminate violence and a policy of selective attacks, avoidance of damage to property belonging to "the masses," and executions only of proscribed "traitors," police, etc.

This directive began to percolate through the various units, taking nearly a year to become effective. Templer became High Commissioner in February, 1952, and by autumn the startling fall in incidents was in full swing. In December, 1952, the *Times* of London's correspondent, who had got hold of a copy of this Communist directive, published it in full in the December 1 issue of the paper.

The Malayan Communist Party altered its tactics—because they were unsuccessful – six months before Templer came to Malaya, and this can only be due to the work of an outstanding and largely forgotten man, Templer's predecessor, Sir Henry Gurney.

It was Gurney who had to withstand the full fury of the early terrorism of 1949 and 1950. It was he, an idealist and a liberal, who by a strange paradox had to institute and maintain collective punishment and detention camps, and resettle more than half a million Chinese small farmers and rubber tappers behind barbed wire so that the jungle army might be denied food and supplies. Gurney started many of the measures for social progress, so criticized by the "kill 'em" school, which may well prove the real bulwark of Malaya against Communism. Gurney was killed in a terrorist ambush in October, 1951, the month after the Communist directive was issued.

About a year ago another directive was issued by the Communist Party demanding a recrudescence of activity. Within the last few months, two Indians were disemboweled in full view of a crowd of tappers; at least half a dozen Asians were murdered for collaboration with the government; an Indian estate submanager was shot while celebrating a feast in his house.

The Aborigines

Yet the most disquieting feature of the 1954 Emergency is not its terrorist activity but its penetration and infiltration into a great many unsuspected organizations and institutions, even into government organizations.

The notion that when the last "bandit" was killed everyone would be happy again has gone. Early this fall the government information officer, Major R. J. Isaacs, broadcast an appeal to the population. Communism, he said, was now using underground methods. To protect their homes, he said, they must form a sixth column to destroy the fifth column of Communism. He invited people to write to him, giving information or suggestions to combat the new danger.

The danger is not new, except in the local press. As far back as 1952,

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Communist documents boasted of their penetration in two directions: outward, toward "the masses," and inwardly, by the establishment of deep jungle bases and the cultivation of food in the jungle, with the help and co-operation of Malaya's primitive peoples, the estimated hundred thousand aborigines of the jungle

Last spring the government launched Operation TERMITE, a vast military movement to capture these deep bases. It involved helicopters, parachute troops, leaflets, the Royal Navy, and Royal Air Force bombers. It lasted weeks. In spite of early claims of tremendous success, a strange reticence prevails whenever exact details of successes are asked, and it is said the results are still being assessed.

But one thing is certain. The security forces in their operations encountered at every turn a pack of hostile aborigines who fled before them or even tried some feeble attacks upon them. It was only too evident that the aborigines were friendly with the jungle terrorists. That the Communists were able to train these childish minds to help them gives much food for thought. The government is wooing the aborigines as once it wooed the Chinese in the resettlement villages, with amenities, medicine, and the benefits of civilization. The trouble is that in a previous experiment of resettling aborigines, they showed a singular tendency to die as soon as they were removed from their jungles.

THERE IS ALSO news that thirty thousand Malays, village folk, have been lured into becoming Communist sympathizers by subtle propaganda, and now have to be lured back. This is more of a shock to the European community of Malaya than to the Asian. The British in Malaya have a tendency to believe no evil of the Malay, and to mistrust the Chinese. To most Britishers the Malay is the simple, "loyal" chap who "does his duty" by going into the police and fighting bandits. For to most British in Malaya, loyalty means being loyal to the British and to no one else.

A psychological operation is at the moment in progress against these thirty thousand Malays, involving a million leaflets, loudspeakers, and the use of religious teachers to appeal to them in the name of Islam, a tactic constantly used to stir up the fervor of the Malay rank and file in the police and the villagers in Malay kampongs. At the same time, troops are moving into the area in search of terrorists.

At one time, government circles and the British community said, "Once we've won over the Chinese, then the Emergency will be over." Last year and this year, the saying went, "Once we've won over the aborigines, it will be over." The possibility of having to "win over" the Malays is too heartbreaking to contemplate.

Blessing in Disguise?

Malaya has been promised self-government and independence as soon as conditions are ripe, which means two things: first, an assurance that the nation in the making is at a stage of maturity where interracial conflict and the number of alien-thinking people within Malaya will be minimal; in other words, when Malayanization, like Americanization, will have proceeded far enough to give a hard core of reality to the words "Malayan nation." Second, when the Emergency's end will be foreseeable.

Certainly it is true that the

Emergency complicates everything, but in some ways it has been a blessing in disguise. First, the indiscriminate killing of Asians (and fifteen times as many Asians have been killed as Europeans) has slowly but thoroughly set back in the people's estimation the Malayan Communist Party. This party had earned for itself, as leader of the Resistance against the Japanese, a good deal of sympathy. If it had confined itself to killing collaborators with the Japanese, or, as in Indo-China, had picked out victims from among white planters, these methods, however frightful, would not have aroused the same feeling among the broad masses of the people as the indiscriminate killing of Indian laborers, disemboweling of rubber tappers, strangling and chopping of Chinese shopmen. There would still have lingered a Robin Hood flavor about the soldiers of the jungle. The Communist Party has simply undone itself by its own violence.

If this is so, how then explain the contradiction that today it is still acknowledged that the people as a whole are apathetic or complacent, or do not co-operate with government in the fight against the jungle?

The Emergency as Excuse

No one can deny that the government has committed itself to guiding Malaya along the road to independence and is encouraging a policy of Malayanization. However, the Emergency is much too often held up as sufficient excuse for using bit and snaffle in restraining democratic progress. The troubles in Burma and Indonesia, the loss of Indo-China, the danger of an invasion by Red China, and of course the Emergency itself are emphasized and repeated as a dire warning to the peoples of Malaya that independence granted too soon would only plunge them into another kind of bondage.

There are just as many people in Malaya who are a bit afraid of independence as there are who desire it impatiently. Not one, not even the most enthusiastic demonstrator in the United Malay National Organization processions, will deny that independence will be difficult, that the lack of trained personnel will be sadly felt, and that interracial problems are still likely to cause friction.

But there is such a thing as protesting too much. All these things would be much more convincing if they were not so often and so tact-

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lessly put out by a government whose colonial taint renders it suspect of hypocrisy, of making excuses, of exaggerating and "bluffing," as the local expression puts it, in order to maintain its hold on the country.

¶ "If we left Malaya, you'd be at each other's throats tomorrow. It would be frightful, just like in India."

¶ "It is our moral duty to protect you people. Especially you Malays. You can't look after yourselves. If we left, tomorrow Malaya would be Chinese."

¶ "Malaya would be Communist tomorrow if we left."

Sensitive Asia

Now all this may be completely true, but it is extraordinarily obtuse to think that Asians today will accept these judgments. Asians today are sensitive, quicker to resent insults than any European. The old days of being kicked about still rankle in their memories, and racial discrimination is not over.

The English press has also played a remarkable part in not bringing the problem of the Emergency in focus to the people of Malaya. Only the killing or ambushing of Europeans rated headlines. Many Asians still believe that the jungle war is chiefly directed against Europeans. The emphasis on European disaster and European achievements, the heavy underscoring of military (and therefore British) operations, further served to detach Asian feeling from the Emergency. I well remember being told by a Chinese friend in Kuala Lumpur not to go motoring with my husband. "You're Asian, they won't shoot, but he's a whiteskin; it will be dangerous," she said to me.

The Days of Dienbienphu

A young doctor of my acquaintance thought the fundamental reason for the "apathy" of the people, for the negative hostility so often encountered, was resentment of white colonialism. "They'd rather have Communism, however much they're frightened of it, because it's Asian, than white colonialism." He added: "I guess I'd feel the same way. Being English, if England were Red, I'd still rather have an English Communist government than any other country ruling me."

The same emotion was present in Indonesia where recently a certain European was sent out of the country for saying that "Communism is much worse than white colonialism." However illogical or wrong this feeling may appear to Americans, it must be understood to comprehend the present situation in Southeast Asia.

There is a certain queer, lugubrious satisfaction audible in many people's voices when they talk about the Emergency. Good, sober middle-class people, whose chief dream is to make a little money, buy a house and a bit of land, and go out of a Sunday in their car with their children, seem either unconcerned or even a little happy when they talk of assaults on police posts. Part of it may be something else. It is best illustrated by the reaction to Dienbienphu.

After Dienbienphu, a young American and myself, going our separate but convergent ways about Singapore visiting many groups, were struck by the peculiar cheerfulness of quite a few of the people with whom we discussed Indo-China. None of them were even faintly leftist—or anywhere near it. Many would have had to run away if Communism came. Yet they were pleased about Dienbienphu. If asked the reason for this not so secret elation and they trusted you, they replied: "Well of course in one way I don't like it. I don't like Communism. But in another way I'm pleased about it because the French ought to have got out long ago. It's a good lesson for the whites. Colonial government is out." Some added: "Shows that we Asians are not inferior. We can beat the whiteskins any time. Korea. Now Indo-China."

ONE MAN was positively savoring the recrudescence of terrorist assaults in Malaya. Lounging in his luxurious car, he told me about the smart, disciplined, well-fed terrorists who shot two Englishmen and gave penicillin tablets to the third, po-

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litely apologizing to him: "We did not mean to shoot you. You're not the man we want." He, like some other wealthy men here, is putting money in Australia, ready to flee there if Communism should come to Malaya. He hates Communism, but hatred of white rule is also deep in his bones. There is a new pride in being Asian as opposed to being European. Very often one hears the phrase "We Asians."

How much this new consciousness of being Asian is due to the old Japanese pan-Asian concept is not clear. It is only too true that by another historical paradox, the Japanese occupation of Malaya sowed the seeds of political consciousness and the demand for freedom. Although the great majority of the population were pleased to see the British back ("because they don't slap your face, they're more polite than the Japs," was one comment), the British had lost too much prestige to recover, without question, the superiority they assumed again.

Fatal Dualism

The new Asianism has many good things about it. It is only right that people should be proud of what they are, if this pride is not based on an "anti" complex. Asianism can be a powerful force for peace and solidarity among the new nations of Asia.

However well-intentioned the colonial power may be, however extensive its social-welfare measures, painstaking and modest its officials, it is a living contradiction because its aim must be suspect—the benefit of the mother country rather than that of the country ruled. Anti-colonial emotion versus the colonialist-directed (so it seems) war against Communism provokes a dualism in each and every thinking person which in turn frustrates his efforts. The energy that ought to go into a healthy rebellious opposition to colonial tutelage is unable to proceed because of its own fears, and is frittered away in negative criticism, hostility, apathy, indifference.

The Leery Leaders

Until a few weeks ago the war councils, bodies responsible in each state and district for the direction of the war against terrorism, were closed to Chinese and other Asians living in Malaya. It was felt that Asians could not be trusted, especially the Chinese. The people who sat on those councils and decided the course of the war were Europeans, often comparatively new to the East, and a few handpicked members of the Malay ruling order, able enough, well versed in English, but perhaps by their very upbringing unable to add much wisdom to decisions involving the many rather than the few.

Now, for the first time during the Emergency, an effort is being made to get locally domiciled Asians into the war councils. The present High Commissioner has already established a reputation for inviting people to come and talk to him informally, and for listening to them. He has induced five prominent Asians to join his council.

However, in these relationships the problem that is Malaya's essence again crops up. There is an understandable reluctance for any Asian "leader" worthy of the name to be associated too closely with a colonial setup for fear of being called a stooge. Few men have been able to achieve this balancing feat—to serve the interests of the future Malayan nation as well as to be nominated to responsible positions in the present government. Such an association proves in the long run derogatory to the Asian concerned. He loses stature in the public eye, his honesty becomes suspect, and he gradually ceases to represent anything but himself, for he is emotionally out of tune with his own countrymen. Such a fate has overtaken the well-known and certainly able and courageous Dato Onn bin Jaafar, who deserved better for his great services to his country than the comparative obscurity into which he has sunk.

It cuts both ways. To be an Asian leader, the fashion is to be for independence and self-government and against colonialism. But if you are anti-colonialist, there are very fine limits where this merges into subversion, and therefore becomes suspect to the police. It is a most complex situation, fraught with pettiness and blundering.

Preachy Propaganda

What is the answer? Is the answer independence and self-government as soon as possible? Are the peoples of Malaya really as unfit to govern themselves, as some say? Are they as fit to look after themselves as those who clamor for self-government would have us believe? If it is true that independence must be delayed until the end of the Emergency is in sight, it is also true that the lesson of Indo-China indicates that no dependent people will fight wholeheartedly on the side of its masters.

Only the determination, grounded on deep emotional conviction, that the government really means what it says, and that first things must come first, will make fighting the Communists also fighting for ultimate freedom. The anti-Communist propaganda dispensed to Asia has so far been surprisingly obtuse, tactless, and ill timed. It has pushed and heckled and threatened, taking no account of the new pride of Asians. It has been too anxious to preach, as if talking to children, and has not allowed Asians the dignity of thinking things out for themselves. No sober, level-headed man in this part of the world, for instance, is going to look upon a SEATO pact as secure when he has seen Indo-China collapse like a house of cards. It will appear to him unsound business, façade whitewashing, and not much else. When he is told that he cannot have freedom because there is an Emergency, he sometimes begins to wonder, halfheartedly, whether the Emergency itself is not all a hoax to keep colonial power in the land.

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The Redemption Of San Luis

WILLIAM COSTELLO

MANILA

UNDER SECRETARY of National Defense José Crisol was waiting with Colonel Nicaro Jiménez when we reporters arrived at Camp Murphy, a dozen miles from the heart of Manila. The colonel was wearing off-duty mufti for the journey ahead of us, and the Under Secretary (he likes to be called Joe) had put aside the magnificent embroidered piña-cloth "barong Tagalog" that he fancies during office hours.

It was appropriate that our inspection of Operation KATABUSAN ("Redemption") should start at Camp Murphy, for in the Philippine Republic's war against Communism the headquarters of the national defense establishment at Camp Murphy has been in charge not only of the military operations but also of the economic, social, and psychological campaign. And there was a certain historic fitness in the fact that Joe Crisol and Nick Jiménez were to be our escorts, for together with President Ramón Magsaysay they have played paramount roles in the Asian struggle to head off a new wave of Red imperialism.

Nick offered us coffee, but the Under Secretary was pacing restlessly back and forth beside his car. We had a long ride ahead. A few minutes later we headed north. Our destination was the village of San Luis, birthplace of the Communist leader Luis Taruc and site of a reclamation project that has been designed by the Magsaysay Administration as the death blow for Communism in the Huk country of central Luzon.

As our three-car motorcade rolled across the Pampanga plain between seemingly endless miles of rice paddies, I noticed that there were no escort cars, no guns—and therefore presumably no Huks. It had not been that way the last time I had traveled this road; from 1946 on, the richest region in Luzon had been an armed camp, and in mid-1950 there was even talk of a Huk attack on Manila itself.

A Two-Front War

Two battles have been in progress in the Philippines. One is the continuing effort to wipe out the armed remnants of the Hukbalahap rebellion; this war is waged by a small but fiercely proficient professional army, an army whose successes and high morale took form in November, 1950, when Magsaysay became Secretary of National Defense. The second battle dates from the same period; it is what Crisol calls the "bloodless battle." It was launched by Magsaysay in a calculated effort to win the allegiance of the people away from Communist agitators.

President Magsaysay is winning both battles. When he took over the army in 1950, there were fourteen thousand armed rebels in the field under Communist leadership, most of them in Luzon. Now it is estimated that fewer than a thousand effectively armed and trained Huks are left, and the army predicts that half of this remnant will be liquidated early in 1955. Day after day the Manila newspapers report skirmishes and ambuscades in which Huks are killed and captured, two or three or a dozen at a time. Just last month the second-ranking Huk leader, Mariano P. Balgos, was led into a trap and shot to death.

ONE OF the chief reasons for the vitality and efficiency of the Defense Department is its thirty-six-year-old Under Secretary, José Crisol. Born in the province of Albay in southern Luzon, Crisol got his schooling at the Philippine Military Academy, graduating in 1941 just in time to be ordered to Bataan as a lieutenant of infantry. When the surrender came, Crisol eluded capture and joined the guerrillas, where he rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel. After the war he became a lieutenant again, and joined the teaching faculty of the military academy. He had a tour of duty in the United States, where he studied at the command and general staff college at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas; then he returned to his teaching duties.

Magsaysay, as Defense Secretary, met Crisol at the academy and was sufficiently impressed to make him chief of the newly created Civil Affairs Office in charge of the whole

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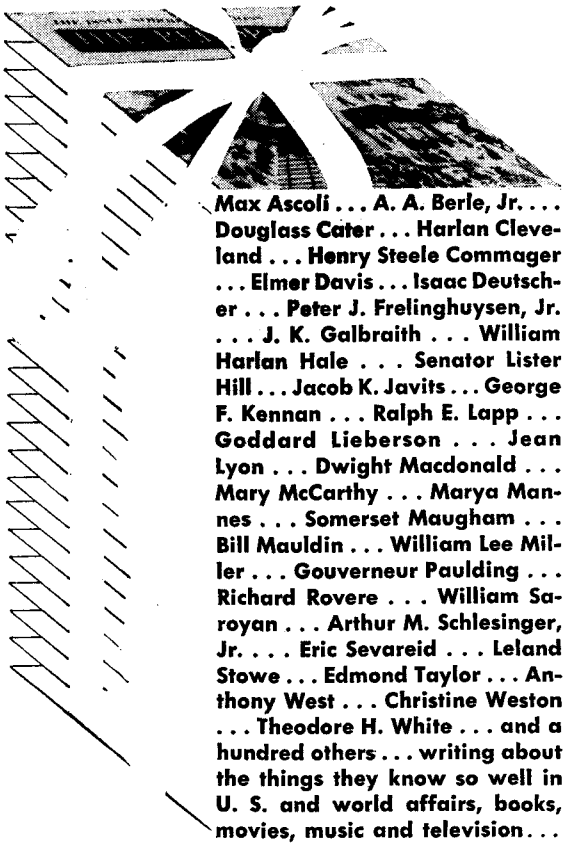

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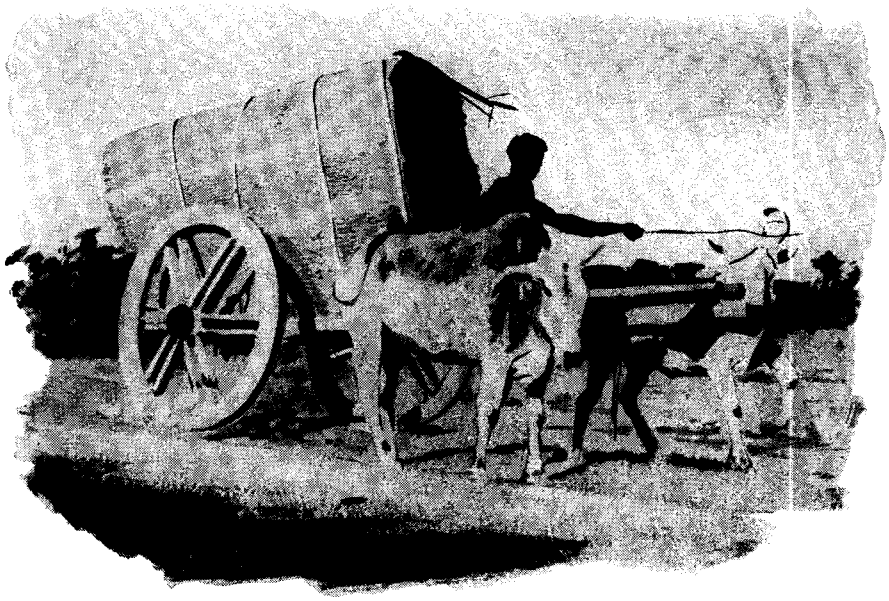

campaign of social and economic warfare against Communism. In 1953, when Magsaysay resigned from the Quirino Cabinet, Crisol followed him and became publicity director for his election campaign. After the change of administrations at the beginning of 1954, Crisol's first job from January to May was director of the National Bureau of Investigation, the Filipino equivalent of the FBI. That was a turning point in his career. Previously, operating on a small scale, he had shown himself to be a facile propagandist and an astute politician. In the NBI he carried out a complete reorganization, getting rid of the deadwood in the bureaucracy and streamlining the bureau's procedures. Magsaysay recognized in Crisol a crackerjack administrator and, despite his youth, made him Under Secretary of Defense. With good humor and unremitting attention to detail, Crisol has already established himself as a strong man of the Administration.

Luis Taruc Gives Up

Last May, when Crisol moved into his new job, was also a turning point of sorts in the struggle against the revolutionary phase of Communism in the Philippines. It was then that the supreme chieftain of the Huk rebellion, Luis Taruc, surrendered. When Taruc first sent word to the authorities that he was ready to give himself up, he tried to make terms; he demanded amnesty for all his chief lieutenants and Communist followers in return for his own submission. The Defense Department refused to bargain; instead it invited him to fight it out to a finish.

In the end, Taruc walked into prison on the government's terms, pleading guilty to rebellion, murder, arson, and the whole catalogue of other crimes. He was tried and convicted of rebellion only; the judge—to the astonishment of the whole Filipino people—imposed a sentence of only twelve years in prison, plus a fine of $10,000. Taruc first threatened to appeal, then thought better of it. He has been a model prisoner.

In emerging successfully from the underground, he has achieved one step toward respectability. Now, while friends on the outside seek by legal means to speed his release, he spends his time reading and planning for the second step—the hypocritical purging of the Communist Party and its acceptance as a legal political movement. Taruc has gone to extraordinary lengths to convince the government that he is a wholly repentant sinner. He has denounced Communist Party tactics. He poses as a loving son, a devoted father, a pious Christian. He has even praised American policy in his unsuccessful effort to pull the wool over the eyes of the Magsaysay Administration.

At the close of his trial, Taruc read a statement in which he appeared to be breaking with the leadership of the Communist Party, but army officials consider that he gave himself away completely when he said: "I came down to appeal for a general amnesty as the most effective, all-embracing act of statesmanship, to heal all the wounds and sores caused by our old social cancer and by the rebellion it generated. An amnesty backed by an earnest social justice policy will contribute tremendously toward an early achievement of a strong national unity in peaceful concerted efforts for national survival, democracy, prosperity, freedom, and a lasting peace."

The army's answer to these clichés and crocodile tears in that Taruc is merely a puppet of Moscow's new policy in Asia. His leadership of armed rebellion failed miserably; hence, following the standard Leninist policy of staging a tactical retreat under pressure, he is now playing the penitent as the first step in a program of parliamentary infiltration and subversion.

By crying repentance, Taruc hopes to exculpate the sins of all his fanatical following so that even if he himself can never win back the Congressional seat he won in 1946, other Communists now underground can win their way back into political life.

Across the River to Safety

This is, therefore, a crucial moment in the bloodless battle for men's minds and loyalties. The Magsaysay Administration is taking every advantage of the fact that Communism is temporarily stuck on dead center. Symbolic of the government's efforts to capture the support of the people are the land-resettlement projects, half a dozen of which are in progress. The most widely publicized is the big Edcor Project on the southern island of Mindanao, but the one that best captures the sense of the dramatic is Operation REDEMPTION, in the central Luzon village of San Luis.

Under Secretary Crisol had told reporters, "Come and see for yourselves. I'll take you to San Luis, right in the middle of the Huk country. Then you'll understand."

It was barely eleven o'clock when we pulled up in the stone courtyard of the old Spanish cathedral.

San Luis is a typical Filipino village on the banks of the Pampanga River. It lies a dozen miles from the foot of Mount Arayat, an enormous volcanic peak rising from the floor

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of the rice-growing Pampanga plain. Before the war San Luis was a community spreading out along both banks of the river into a number of tiny barrios; the cultivated land eastward toward the mountains extended into a primitive, trackless jungle known as the Candaba swamp.

After the war, with the onset of the Huk rebellion, the eastern half of San Luis withered and died. The Huks had made the Candaba swamp their hiding place, from which they staged pillaging and foraging raids into the cultivated area to obtain food. The army fought back, and the farmers in the barrios and rice paddies found themselves caught in the crossfire. One by one they moved across the river, begged a few square yards of ground, and built themselves flimsy nipa huts in the shadow of the cathedral.

Between 1946 and 1954, six whole barrios were deserted. The river bank crumbled away, destroying the main road through the area; houses rotted, and jungle growth swallowed up the rice paddies. Even Luis Taruc's home disappeared, leaving only the bare outline of its foundations; his family had fled along with their neighbors to the safety of the church and the town. ("I love my mother," Taruc told the court, "so much as only an ideal mother could expect from a devoted son, but I left her behind to help emancipate all other poor mothers of her kind.")

By the beginning of 1954 the eastern half of San Luis was a wilderness, a no man's land; and most of the region roundabout, even west of the Pampanga River, was paralyzed by the abandonment of thousands of acres of rich rice land. President Magsaysay and his advisers saw the need of moving swiftly to establish order and to revitalize agriculture.

The Attack

In response to an appeal from the San Luis villagers, Magsaysay issued orders for Operation REDEMPTION—and he placed in the hands of the army the opportunity of showing Taruc's own relatives and neighbors that democracy could and would provide means for a decent living.

The command went out late in the evening of January 6, 1954. On January 7, three thousand Philippine Army trainees moved in on the deserted east bank with knives, axes, and bolos to hack away the jungle. After them came tractors and bulldozers, army engineers, surveyors, fleets of trucks, barges, and crash boats. Nearby sugar haciendas lent equipment. The Philippines Rural Reconstruction Movement (of which American Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas is a sponsor and supporter) moved in with government welfare workers and cooperative agents to teach community service, better farming, handicrafts, animal husbandry, sanitation, and homemaking. New wells were drilled to obtain pure water; new roads were built to link up the barrios and to cross the Candaba swamp. Nearly four hundred houses were picked up bodily on the west side of the river, loaded on trucks, and floated across to new homesites in the resettled area. A community center was built from a structure obtained in Manila, forty-five miles away. A four-room schoolhouse is under construction.

Only a handful of the army and government people remain in San Luis today. The community is alive with activity; its population, starting at zero in January, is now 2,230. The trainees cleared 650 acres of land in the ninety days they spent there, and most of the fields are planted. Of course, the government will have to go on providing some relief funds until production from the reclaimed fields reaches normal levels.

There was a period early this year when the success of the project hung in the balance; the terrified residents of San Luis, after eight years of plunder and murder by the Huks, found it almost impossible to believe that the central government could restore peace to an area that had so long been a battleground. But the army went confidently ahead, moving houses and clearing land while the people wavered. When eager outsiders began moving into the community from other provinces, all local resistance collapsed. The farmers of San Luis rushed to reclaim their heritage.

The project supervisors have recently resurveyed every plot in the resettled area and applied to the government in Manila for permission to expropriate the entire plot so that it can be redistributed in a manner that will provide sensible, economic farm units for families.

President Magsaysay has taken a lively personal interest in the redemption of San Luis. He has met overt Communist rebellion with uncompromising and incorruptible military force. But he also believes that eighty per cent of the battle for Asia must be fought in the field of social and economic development—precisely the combination that is proving itself today in San Luis.

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Coming of Age: Report on the Hodson Center

MARYA MANNES

THE BIG ROOM was filled with light from the tall windows, so you could see the old people clearly. There were about a hundred, most of them seated at tables. Four or five groups of old men were playing cards, some were just sitting and looking, a tableful of women chatted, and there was a perceptible movement in the form of a line toward the cafeteria window at one end. The atmosphere, wholly tangible, was of bustle and contentment. As the director of the William Hodson Community Center took me around, the old faces were raised in interest, a number nodded and smiled. Only the cardplayers seemed to need no distraction; most of their heads remained bent.

An old woman, poorly dressed, came up to us. In a very heavy accent she said, "This my home. This my family. Was businesswoman, work hard, had husband, children. Then come Mr. Hoover . . . you know, Hoover – everything gone, ruin. Now I am nobody, nobody, worth nothing . . . But this my home."

Miss Landau, the director, said, "That's not true, Mrs. Kranek, you *are* somebody. Come and talk to me soon, I will tell you who you are!"

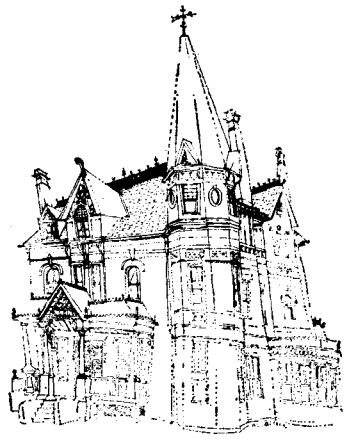
The woman pressed Miss Landau's hand, smiled, and said to me, "God bless her!" then moved on.

"She's very ill," said Miss Landau, "but she comes here every day."

We left the big room and went upstairs and into another room at one end of which were all sorts of machines and tools and lathes, at the other end a long worktable around which women were sewing and knitting.

"This is the shop," said Miss Landau, "where they can go on with their former skills or learn new ones. Look, by the window there—one of our real characters." Sitting at a workbench was a man who looked like a very old Popeye. He was bent over, whittling something, and his undershot jaw, probably toothless, was working steadily on a wad of tobacco.

We came a little closer and saw that he was putting the finishing touches to a filigree fan of great delicacy. We were about to inspect it and meet him when he got up to reach for another tool and made the most astonishing motions, flapping his arms as if he were about to take off. Instead he keeled partly over and sat down heavily on the floor. Before anyone could assist him he



had pulled himself painfully up to a chair, breathing heavily.

"Arteriosclerosis," said Miss Landau. "He has practically no sense of balance. He's all right once he gets started. It's the transitions that are tough—you know, sitting to standing, standing to walking.

"He comes here alone every day from Flatbush," she went on, "makes two subway changes and a bus." In answer to my amazement and alarm, she smiled. "Yes, it used to unnerve us too, but he's managed so far. He wouldn't miss the Center for anything. He's something of an old rascal, but we love his work and so does he, and we're sort of proud of him."

We left the "shop" and walked across the hall, and Miss Landau opened the door to a smaller room filled with sound. A younger woman was playing the piano and about ten old people seated in two rows of chairs were accompanying her with instruments: triangles, cymbals, marimbas, drums. They would accent the rhythm as she did, nodding her head in precise three-four time. Their faces were alight and happy, although the old man in charge of a drum was tense with the responsibility of his beat.

"Our music class is very popular," said Miss Landau. "They have an added incentive because they play for the birthday parties we have every month and for special occasions, so it isn't just time-passing. They have to perform."

WE CROSSED the hall again to a room which served, I was told, a number of purposes: staff-meeting and dining room (besides Miss Landau's several assistants, two social-work students are attached to the Center), business office, and barbershop. Between the high windows were a barber's chair, basin, and mirror. A tall old man in an immaculate white coat was doing a highly professional trimming job on another old man. I noticed that the barber was very grave and never spoke.

"Mr. Santucci has been in this country sixty years but he's never really learned English," said Miss Landau. "He used to be a very successful barber on Wall Street because he never made conversation. Here he charges twenty-five cents a haircut. He gets fifteen, we get ten."

After Mr. Santucci had brushed off his customer, a rather untidy old woman with a long gray bob came up and asked him to cut her hair. He shook his head. Upset, she turned to Miss Landau and asked why he refused.

"Mr. Santucci thinks women are never satisfied, he only cuts men's hair. He thinks if he cut yours you would not like it and then it would be his fault." This masterly interpretation of what Mr. Santucci did not say seemed to satisfy the woman, who shrugged and left.

"He looks a little sad," said Miss Landau, "but he knows he is very useful and has a standing here."

We made one more brief excursion through the shabby corridors to a cluttered sort of store- and locker

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room to look at some paintings by members of the Center, and in so doing passed a tiny space no larger than a closet where four old people sat playing Canasta. Miss Landau teased them for being so exclusive in

their immoral pursuit, and they all chuckled like children caught stealing jam.

"This is about the only privacy they can get," she said. "We're so short of space every inch is used for some purpose or other."

Among the paintings were some extraordinarily decorative water colors by a Mr. Piltz, Persian in the brilliance of their color and the intricacy of their design in which birds, trees, flowers, and rivers were fancifully intertwined. "This is one of our real talents," said Miss Landau, "and a wonderful old man. Some day we hope to exhibit his work downtown."

Then we went back to the staff-and-barbering room to have the Center lunch (a good thick soup, sardine salad, coffee, fruit and cake) and to talk about Hodson.

No Longer Alone

I had confessed that I had not expected to find happiness here. I had come to this place in the Bronx recoiling in apprehension from the smell of age, the smell of infirmity, apathy and resignation. All of us, I think, are weighed down with a sense of guilt about the old. We do not cherish them as our parents did, we seem to have little room for them in our hearts or lives. Mistakenly we have come to believe that they need us far more than we need them.

The raw November day and the approach to the Center through ugly streets were both depressing, in no way relieved by the sight of the Center itself at Tremont and Third Avenue in the Bronx: a big, old building perched on a hill which Hopper or Burchfield might have painted hauntingly; a relic of the 1890's when ponderous masonry spelled official importance, for this was the old Borough Hall. When I glanced at a young Negro couple entering the main door arm in arm, giggling, my guide said, "Oh, the marriage-license bureau is still there, and a lot of other things too. We have only a few rooms in the building."

Then came the revelation of old people finding their place together, their own, where they belonged. And suddenly one was aware that the Hodson Center held an answer, of profound importance, to that crushing insistent question: What do we do for the old, living longer and longer, more and more with us? What do *they* do with the last quarter of their lives so that it has meaning and value?

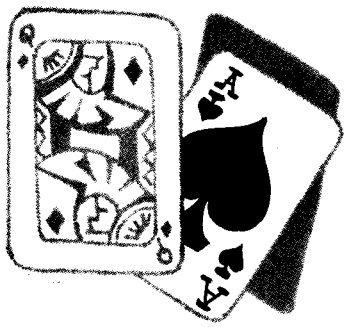
YOU HAVE only to read their case histories to know what they were apt to do, because the hundreds who come to Hodson cannot be so different from the tens of thousands who live in this city. A great many of them, the men especially, live in furnished rooms, alone, on old-age relief. A great many of them have lost contact with what family they have left. After working all their lives they have nothing to do after sixty, and degeneration of the spirit and of the tissues takes its relentless, interacting course as they either sit their hours out in chronic depression or haunt the clinics and hospitals, not so much to cure their ailments, which may or may not be serious, but to have attention, to pass the day, to *speak* to somebody. It seems to be worse for the men than for the women, who usually have some little things to do in their room or flat even if they are alone, and more sense of family if family exists. But at sixty-five the men are left with nothing; nothing but memory of capacities, of authority and importance, however, slight, and—most fundamental of all—of manhood.

At Hodson there are many old people, of course, who still live with their relatives, close or distant, in comparative security. But to read their histories is to know that there is hardly one who does not feel himself a burden, unwanted, useless, dependent. There is hardly one who is not aware of the tensions this feeling produces, of the fact that the younger people have them out of duty or pity, even if love is present. And so all but the very wise become difficult to themselves and others, either straining for that sense of importance and worth they feel they have earned and been denied, or "giving up" and waiting until they can die.

A Room with Some Chairs

And then the Center came into their lives eleven years ago, opened by the Department of Welfare to "provide leisure time activities for the older person." Then a board of directors from the community joined in to develop the project, and still later the Greater New York Fund came into the picture.

Since then, over fifteen hundred people have joined the Center. About 250 of them come in a day, some every day, some a few times a week. They range from sixty to ninety-four, with most of them in their seventies. Nearly eighty-five



per cent of the Hodson members are foreign-born; ten per cent are native white, five per cent Negro. Jews predominate here, for the neighborhood is predominantly a Jewish one, with only fifteen per cent Catholic and twenty per cent Protestant. The average level of school attendance was the fifth grade, and a good number of those at Hodson are learning English there in special classes.

It is rather significant that most of the older people came to the Center not immediately after retiring but after many years of living alone. A Hodson report comments: "If these adjustments [the high incidence of mental and physical improvement shown by the members] can still take place after years of neglect and in persons of such limit-

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ed education, it would seem that future programs of day care centers may hope to do not only remedial but preventive work in the years which are now wasted, and with persons who have hitherto been a costly charge to clinics, institutions and mental hospitals." In a five-year span at the Center, only ten have sought admission to a home for the aged, three of whom later returned to live alone and spend their days at the Center. There has not been a single admission to a mental hospital from among the membership, a startling fact in the light of the sharp increase of the aged in such asylums.

Fifty dollars a year—the cost of one member—seems a low price to pay for making age fruitful. One of the most exciting things about a place like Hodson is to see how so little can do so much. For what is there in the old Borough Hall that any community cannot provide? Five or six big rooms. A lot of chairs and tables. Equipment for work or pleasure which need not be new or modern, which can be donated. A cafeteria run—in this case—by a member who used to run restaurants, with some member-helpers and a part-time volunteer, which provides one good hot meal a day for twenty-five cents, and coffee and cake in the afternoons free. Packs of cards—an old piano—some other instruments—things like these can tip the scales

from despair to contentment, from apathy to appetite.

Things like these are cheap. The only expensive item in such a center is human wisdom, and one of the reasons why Hodson is so remarkable is this quality in its director, Gertrude Landau. Her understanding of these old people permeates the place; her patience is infinite, her instincts sure, her humor apparently inextinguishable, her memory phenomenal. She appears to know the hundreds of members by name. She appears to know their troubles, their habits, their values, their needs, their faults with a specific intimacy. To watch her among them is to see "social work" become an act of love. The old people know it; they are transformed by it.

A Man Is Not a Number

Hodson is open every day from nine till five. To many of the men this span is the substitute for the business day, to others for the club. Even those who are married and have families find that they cherish this freedom to be themselves as they were themselves in their work. For the women, Hodson means family, gossip, companionship. Here, for both sexes, is the audience they crave.

A lot of them, when they first come to Hodson, are timid, withdrawn, insecure. Then gradually, through cards or music class or dramatics or committee work (there are lots of committees), they begin to emerge, make contact, stir old skills and old dreams.

HERE, in case histories from a book on the Center by Miss Landau and Susan H. Kubie, is the sort of thing that goes on:

"Mr. Sullivan was a tense, somewhat rigid and extremely reserved man who came to the center daily but remained aloof from the others and spent most of his time reading or listening to the radio. . . . One day he showed her [a worker] some verses he had written about the club and said he had been writing verses for several years and had formerly belonged to a poetry writers' group in the borough. He was greatly pleased when she suggested that others at the center might like to meet weekly to hear his poems and to read poetry to each other. It came about quite naturally that he took the lead in the first such poetry meeting by reading one of his own."

"Her [a Mrs. Figler's] reading is barely intelligible. She herself does not understand the selections she chooses at random, according to length, from the anthologies available. Yet she persists, reading in a low voice, hands shaking with nervousness, and finishes with a quick

little bob to the audience. She is rewarded with approving comments on 'her effort and her progress.' It is perhaps true that her limitations, plus her persistence, afford them group satisfaction. . . .

"Mr. Sobolski is blind and first came to the sessions as listener. But presently he was impelled to bring selections which he had typed in Braille so that he could also contribute. When his turn came the group listened in deep silence, watching with fascination and pity as his fingers slid over the raised dots of his paper. The applause was heartwarming and tremendous. . . . The spectacle of his blindness, conquered by this strange skill of touch reading, stirred everyone, as though his efforts to participate in their chosen activity gave a moving confirmation to its value."

Or this: "Mr. Rauch was one of a large family which was bitterly poor. As a boy he ran away from home and went to sea. He remained a seaman all his life. He achieved a remarkable degree of self-education with a strong drive towards social betterment and social action, which led to his taking an active part in various unions. Yet . . . he seemed to be a solitary man who made few close ties, never married, and at the center went only to the shop. He rarely joined mass gatherings. When his birthday came around it took much persuasion to induce him to take his place at the table of honor. His name was called and the speech he made was brief, '. . . I thank you all. . . . I just want to tell you this is my 70th birthday . . . but it is the first time in my life that it has ever been celebrated. . . .'—and sat down abruptly. He later confided gruffly to a worker, 'I had to sit down—I damn near cried.' "

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Let no one assume, because of the many happy responses, that sweetness and light are the order of every Hodson day. A hundred or more old people thrown together, however voluntarily, can engender the same frictions that stir other groups, child or adult. Competitiveness, jealousy, pique, hurt feelings, obsessions of inferiority—these can and do explode periodically. Mrs. Greenberg is angry at Mrs. Miller because she "throws her education around." Mr. Jason is annoyed because the art-instructor lady spends more time with Mr. Blau than with him. The whole discussion group is outraged because the aggressive and long-winded Mr. F has brought up an unpopular subject. Nearly all the members who are not habitual card-players look down on the habitual cardplayers because "they don't do anything for the Center."

Some of the explosions are more comic than tragic, for example a quarrel between two newlyweds in their eighties (they met at the Center) in which Mrs. Y threw a brick at Mr. Y outside on the grounds, missing him. Miss Landau retrieved the brick and put it in her safe and told Mrs. Y to come and ask her for it when she wanted to use it again. Mrs. Y didn't.

A Life That Is Shared

Here, of course, is where self-government is inadequate and a trained and tolerant staff imperative, not merely to restore order but also to explain to these old people why they do what they do, why others react accordingly, and—most importantly of all—what others think of them.

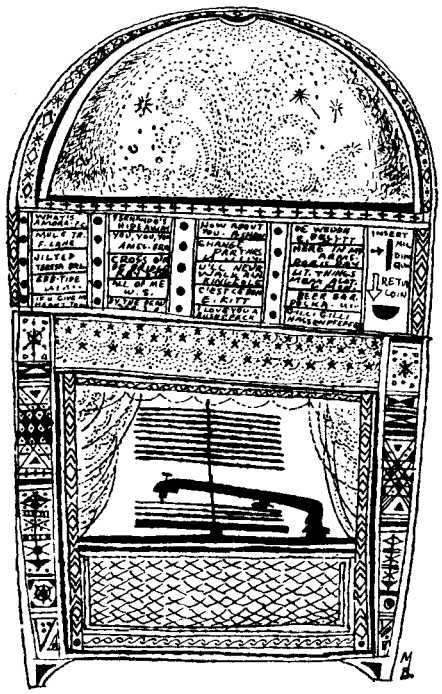
But what laughter there is is more with the old people at Hodson Center than at them, for it is the laughter of relief. They are learning to live with their age and discover their worth. They are with their own kind, comforted in the knowledge that the things they suffer and the things they enjoy are not unique but common to most of them. They are not lonely, they are not a burden, they are not useless. They wait, not for death to come, but for each day to come. And with the desire for each day comes the strength to live it, as necessary members of the human family.

CONVERSATIONS ON MUSIC: Into the Ears of Babes

GODDARD LIEBERSON

Like adults, children have two ears. Sometimes, but not often, two shining ears, extending from the sides of the head and conveniently cupped to receive, as popular mythology would have it, what should not be heard and to reject what is proper and good. However, sounds, good or bad, do pass into these ears and are then transmitted to the brain. It is at this point that difficulties usually begin.

Of all the sounds that pass through the ears, none is more mysterious



than the sound of music. Aristotle, in his *Politics*—a curious place to find a discussion on music—devotes several pages to the question of what part music should play in the education of children, and whether music is simply entertainment or a contributing factor toward spiritual and philosophic growth. In the end he decides in favor of the latter, and in so doing makes a point with which I heartily concur. He repeatedly states that the practical or technical study of music—the learning of music—should be used only as a guide to its enjoyment. Even taking into consideration the Greek concept of the professional (public-performing) musician as a vulgarian, it is not impossible to hear Aristotle saying: "Mothers, why force your children to the lyre each day, unless they themselves wish to play at it? You are spoiling their enjoyment of music."

But it is unnecessary to imagine what Aristotle said, for these are his actual words: ". . . why should they learn themselves, and not, like the Persian and Median kings, enjoy the pleasure and instruction which is derived from hearing others? For surely persons who have made music the business and profession of their lives will be better performers than those who practice only long enough to learn. If they must learn music—on the same principle they should learn cookery, which is absurd."

Music is basically entertainment, whether it is used as a stimulus for motor activity or contemplative thought. It is a tragedy of childhood that music is sometimes made to seem something other than entertainment. Music teachers—themselves caught up in a frightful trap of impossible nomenclature, a multilingual stew of technical terms—perpetuate first bewilderment and then a peculiar feeling of guilt and inadequacy. The ridiculous statement "I don't know anything about it, but I love it," is never used about painting, poetry, or mathematics,

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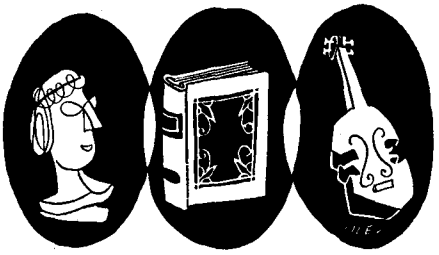
but it is the great cliché of music. Why should it be thought necessary to know the meaning of, let us say, "sforzando" in order to love music? Children in their exposure to music are too often given a sense of defeat through a failure to master difficult techniques thrust upon them without consideration for their gift for music, if any.

All children, basically, love music. This means listening. They are unprejudiced and receptive to all kinds of music; in terms of their span of interest they are the perfect audience. Mozart or jazz or Bartók come to them on equal footing. And this is as it should be. (I do not accept the idea, by the way, that popular music equals comic books.)

Unforced, the child will accept all kinds of music, and given a phonograph of his own will collect a library of startling catholicity. The rude awakening comes to the child only when some pompous fool interjects the idea that there is such a thing as "good music," meaning the music of that particular person's choice. There are no abstract measurements of "good" or "bad" in music, and any attempts to classify the psychological effects of the music of various composers have resulted in complete nonsense. "Good" music is the music that satisfies the intellectual and emotional needs of the listener. And in that contest, Mozart and Beethoven can take care of themselves.

The parent's obligation is to expose the child to all kinds of music. The child will discover his own "good" music, and when that happens, you will have given your child a great deal. If he has a musical gift, he will turn toward music as toward ice cream; if he hasn't, spare him the obligation of hating music in the role of an inadequate pianist or violinist. Most of all, let your child enjoy his ears. He may not then mind washing them quite so much.



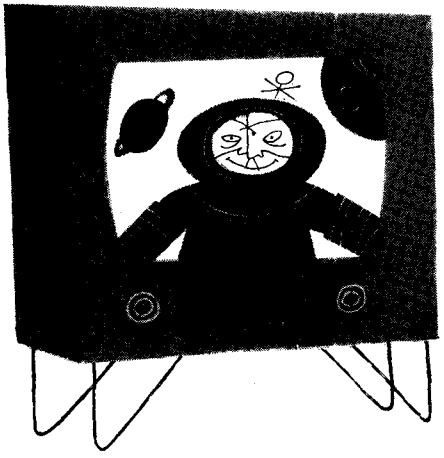
Man And Mass Man

V. S. PRITCHETT

Individualism Reconsidered, by David Riesman. *The Free Press, Glencoe, Illinois. $6.*

Two things baffle the European visitor when he arrives anywhere in America. He is told that the place is not the "real America." He is also told that American society is changing so fast that no safe conclusions can be drawn from what he sees. Both statements suggest a fixation on the future.

Professor Riesman's latest book is a running commentary on the second statement. It is a very weighty collection of essays and lectures, written by one who has taught and practiced law and who is now a professor of social science at the University of Chicago. It might be called a huge, rambling, arguing footnote to an earlier book of his, that provocative piece of sociological fortunetelling, *The Lonely Crowd.* That book detected a break in the life-line of American individualism; the new essays speculate on the side issues of the theme.



The professor discusses subjects like intellectual freedom, the justification for minorities, the interplay of the individual and the group; he looks at popular music, reading, football (an illuminating analysis), eating habits, television, children from the sociologist's point of view; he pushes Veblen's famous theory of conspicuous waste into the new seductive promised land of conspicuous production; he talks about the relation of technical with social progress, and, finally, includes an excellent series of lectures on Freud.

A large number of sociologists write with their boots and as though the last thing we ought to have any pleasure in is reading about our society. Not so Professor Riesman; he is, it is true, very garrulous, but he is sympathetic, good-humored, and combative. He is an individualist, but of the subtle not the rugged kind. He is independent without being a "character" on the one hand or an incurable on the other. His role is to keep the ball in play.

The Ideamongers

The relation of the individual to the group is the most pressing and agonizing issue of our time. How are we to save the best brains from being nullified or discarded by the organizations they are obliged to work in? How are we to prevent the good life from being corrupted by the organization of the good life? How are the cults of the general happiness and of success to be prevented from neutralizing individuality, creating second-rate aims, and killing it slowly by that boredom which is the sleeping sickness of industrial civilization?

I imagine that Professor Riesman would say that the only weapon we have is an active mind, irreverent to received ideas and all intellectual handouts. Thus, he will remind mass man of the individual inside him, and he will beg the individual not to be snobbish about his corporate self. He is, in the American fashion, optimistic about things: all new inventions and techniques, like television, supermarkets, popular music, new foods, the new suburban life, and what he picturesquely calls the "frontiers conquered by consumption." Even the child as a new consumer, roped in by anxious pro-

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ducers, does not disturb him. His amusing satire, "The Nylon War," about bombing the Russians with consumer goods, indicates that whatever he may think is wrong with man in industrial society, it is not the superstitious regard for the innate value of manufactured articles. If they work and are wanted, they must be good. And anyway it is all sociological material.

About ideas Professor Riesman is less optimistic and reflects the general anxiety the visitor nowadays finds among thoughtful Americans. He is depressed by the decline in utopianism, by the fitfulness of indignation, by the moral lassitude that is the result of actually thinking it wrong or undesirable to stand out against the group. He saw that he shocked a good many people at the University of Chicago when he spoke up for the virtues of "idle curiosity." That is a shrewd blow at the heart of American university life, for although the universities pay a good deal of lip service to the belief "that a measure of disinterestedness is one of the great fragile values which the Western world has achieved," one finds only rare oases of idleness and disinterestedness in the Sahara of American education, with its stress on purpose, fact, labor, and intellectual acquisitiveness.

The prestige of American criticism is at the moment rightly high, despite its esoteric or pedantic tendencies, but I can well believe that Professor Riesman upset his solemn pupils when he asked them why they did not skip some of their classes. These pupils were not afraid of failure only; they were also afraid, he says, of not conforming.

But there is another element here that Professor Riesman does not mention, one that has been very noticeable to me in a brief experience at one or two American universities. The American student dreads to waste time, not because he is an earnest, energetic extrovert but because he is behind time. He has grown up in an educational system that notoriously puts him two or three years behind his European equivalent in reading and intellectual development. He is slaving away at getting factual knowledge that he ought to have had before he went to college. By the graduate stage, respect for mere knowledge has become a religion, as one can see from the Ph.D. theses that are ground out every year. Knowledge is a new *thing* to acquire. Panic sets in, and the wretched graduate works himself and his teachers to the point of breakdown. They become speechless unless they are talking shop. Those who have spent a year or two at European universities come back angry because of the time that was "wasted

in conversation" there. In contrast, I have heard Syrian, Egyptian, Mexican, Italian, and French graduates in America complain that they could find "no one to talk to." It must be conceded that if one puts American graduates in a debate on a subject where technical or scientific information is important, they are trenchant and articulate.

Be Glad You're Neurotic

Nearly all the essays in this book touch upon the dilemma of a civilization that is traditionally liberal (in the humane and not the political sense of the word) but is becoming something else. So we find Professor Riesman emphasizing the diversity of American culture and pleading for disagreement on the fundamental values. The attempt to achieve agreement would lead, he says, to another Civil War—an idea which astonishes the English reader until he recalls that American life is riddled with an intolerance that Americans find as natural and exhilarating as the Europeans seem to have found their perennial wars. Again, he is opposed to the success ethic with its corollary that those who fail feel lonely and guilty. (Intellectuals are said to feel guilty because they are out of touch with America. It is about time, he says, that intellectuals started thinking America was guilty for being out of touch with them.) He pleads for "the nerve of failure," i.e., the courage to accept the possibility of defeat without being morally crushed. In American society the ultimate failure is thought to be loneliness: no group, no approved cause to submit to. The nerve of failure is indispensable because some problems may not be soluble:

". . . we may experience defeat in our personal life goals as well as in our social aims. Franz Kafka expressed these problems in his writing. He had the 'nerve of failure'; he faced failure without illusion and without affirmation."

The individual has conceded too much to the group, especially in the plausible interests of "success":

". . . the individual is psychologically dependent on others for clues to the meaning of life. He thus fails to resist authority or fears to exercise freedom of choice even when he might safely do so."

Professor Riesman made it clear in *The Lonely Crowd* that he was not necessarily on the side of the inner-directed against those who take their direction from the group; but like many others in Europe and America, he sees the growth of an acquiescent, sensitive, lethargic society that is easy to rule. Business secrets are shared; executives talk of work being "fun"; administrators who keep the machine oiled and who immensely concern themselves with personal relationships have replaced the supermen and go-getters. Professor Riesman might have gone further and examined the disagreeable uplift that goes with the new and subtly punitive benevolence that treats society as if it were some soft-boiled Y.M.C.A. The effect on intellectuals has been disheartening. They *ought* to be neurotic, difficult, tiresome, non-co-operative, and far-seeing; they ought not to be ashamed of the price they pay for having

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brains. The notion of some mystical submergence in the mass is suicidal.

I am surprised to find Professor Riesman hammering at this open door. The idea is a hangover from the 1930's and America has taken longer than any other country in getting over this period. But I am glad to see him saying that if industrial society is bored by its own rapid arrival at satiety, hope really lies in the sick and maladjusted. Perhaps, he says, maladjustment is the real, dynamic thing we all have in common and which really breaks down the loneliness of our kind of life.

Are We Really Here?

It is all very serious. Tocqueville said that people who live in democracies show more attachment to their cares than aristocratic nations to their pleasures, and Professor Riesman adds what seems to me a characteristic American comment: that the sphere of pleasure has itself become the field of care. The United States is dedicated to domestic perplexity; it is the most worried country on earth. I suspect that this accounts for the exorbitant prestige of the social scientists in America.

One wonders what would happen to our view of the past if the social scientists could test it out with their questionnaires and their astonishing credulity. We can imagine research groups going out from, say, Kenilworth, England (not Kenilworth, Illinois), and asking the stupefied Elizabethans how leisure attitudes had changed: How many people played the lute? Which was their favorite madrigal? Their favorite court singer? Which weapon of assassination, the dagger or poison, was considered to show evidence of decadence in the culture of the new rich? Was Raleigh's act with the cloak an example of conspicuous waste or was it propaganda from a

velvet lobby? Was the spicing of meat an example of food snobbery? How many people stopped playing the lute in order to go to the bear-baiting? Was attendance at public executions an example of soporific other-directedness? And was sexual love indulged in for use, pleasure, display, or to conceal Elizabethan man's besetting fear—the fear of hell?

The Elizabethans lived in a revolutionary and highly creative community and they got along very well without organized and subsidized self-consciousness and perplexity. Why do we need to have these attitudes? And when I say "we," I mean the English too. I mean every other industrialized country. Are these attitudes our "conspicuous waste"? Modern machine man is a technician by day and cannot—it seems—go happily to bed at night unless he is sure some other unit in the machine is not having a better time than he is or is not having it in a fashion so far unaccounted for by the machine. We have a spanner in our souls.

Or have we? Have the social scientists simply invented us? With their special group curiosity, have they simply invented a passive abstraction called man in mechanized society undergoing technical revolution? Have they imposed the notion that because a vast number of people are technicians today, they must therefore react in private and social life as conditioned objects, as units in a machine or figures in a statistical table? Are we really only samples? Is it true that because yesterday I went to a movie and today I looked at television, I have changed because a pattern has changed?

Possibly. But the answer may be simply that this is the sort of illusion we now find agreeable. We may like to think of ourselves as mass men, finding it exciting, releasing, and stimulating. If we do, there is one clear danger: We mass men are liable to hysteria and intolerance, and we shall use these weapons first of all against ourselves, just as the sadist starts his career—as Professor Riesman reminds us—by killing his own impulses.

THE PHENOMENA Professor Riesman discusses are not, as I have said, specifically American; social science rages like the migraine all over the world because the question of liberty, individualism, and the group has changed its context. Veblen's "conspicuous waste" has changed its forms: We spend our surplus, as the author says, on marriage, children, education, and most of all on armaments, national parks, and foundations. Conspicuous waste has been socialized by taxation and by the fact that many individual characteristics belong no longer to the individual but to corporate bodies.

The odd thing is that it is individualism which has had the inventiveness to return us to the Middle Ages by way of the conveyor belt.

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Man And the Business Corporation

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

THE 20TH CENTURY CAPITALIST REVOLUTION, by A. A. Berle, Jr. *Harcourt, Brace. $3.*

THE MODERN business corporation is commonly viewed in college textbooks and courses as merely an improvement on man. To be sure, it is a formidable improvement, and with the possible exception of Eve, it is also the only important effort ever made in this direction.

Commercially speaking, there is no respect in which the corporation is clearly inferior to what corporation lawyers, with more than a trace of condescension, call a natural person. On the other hand, the corporation is better designed for raising capital; it has a stronger disposition to save and invest; as a result of both of these attributes, it has a greater capacity for growth; it is immortal; and it has limited liability. It can sue and be sued, and, while it is not certain that a corporation can make love, it does inspire passionate affection on the part of some people and dark hatred on the part of others. Corporations can have offspring and often do.

Adolf Berle, in some rewarding interludes in his talented career, has been the principal exponent of the idea that this is an inadequate view of the corporation. *The Modern Corporation and Private Property,* which he wrote with Gardiner C. Means in 1932, ranks as one of the half dozen most important books in the history of American economic thought. Among other things, it showed that the business corporation, far from being just a different and more effective way of doing business, was part of a new "corporate system." This new system of industrial government was forcing a marked revision in ancient attitudes toward property ownership, and especially toward the prerogatives of ownership. It was Berle and Means who made commonplace the notion that the modern corporation divorced the ownership interest (the stockholder) from the right to run things as exercised by the corporate management. It followed that in the hierarchy of modern economic power the people of first consequence were not the owners but the managers. Though the property interest of the managers was often nominal, their power within the corporation was typically beyond challenge.

Beyond Politics

In *The 20th Century Capitalist Revolution,* published earlier this fall, Professor Berle—now as twenty-two years ago he is Professor of Law at Columbia, although much occurred in the interim—returns to his earlier theme.

Much of the value and also the charm of this interesting and highly literate book lies in the succession of shrewd insights it offers on a wide range of important matters which one saw only vaguely, if at all, before. But in the main Professor Berle is concerned with how the community can come to terms with the exercise of power inherent in the corporate system. The corporation, he makes clear at the outset, is far more than a capitalist phenomenon. It seems to be the only instrument of administration—more properly of government—capable of contending with the tasks of production in the advanced industrial society. As a result, anyone traveling from the capitalist United States to look at the socialized sector of the British economy and then on to the Communist lands would everywhere find corporations, by whatever name, as the basic agency for doing things.

One reason is the flexibility of the corporation. It can be accommodated in an infinite variety of shapes and forms to the kinds of tasks it must perform. However, Professor Berle puts his chief stress on the way in which the corporation makes possible a grant of power co-ordinate with the purposes for which power is required. This, as he is careful to point out, is not unlimited power, but it is unhampered power in the area in which power is required.

In 1932, Professor Berle set a whole generation to worrying about how the stockholder had been disenfranchised by the power of management in the modern corporation. Very possibly his readers were more concerned than he, but in any case the stockholder is not here the person about whom he worries. (Some corporate managements may have a right to feel peeved about this. Largely to counter the criticisms that are implicit in the earlier Berle, they have for years been spending good money to picture themselves as the industrial counterpart of the New England town meeting.) Professor Berle is here concerned almost exclusively with how the corporation in the use of its power can be made to accommodate itself to the conscience of the community and to respect the rights and immunities of the citizens at large.

AS NOTED, the corporation must have power—autocratic power if you will—for its tasks. This clearly embraces the power to be indifferent to the community interest and callous or unjust to individuals. Under corporate rule, an automobile dealer can lose his franchise and a hundred-thousand-dollar investment with no redress. A more serious case—the automobile companies do have to consider dealer morale—is that of the worker who gets his name on a security blacklist. He can, though innocent of wrongdoing, lose his job and also his alternative employment

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opportunities, and there is nothing he can do about it.

Then there is the type of corporation, unhappily a somewhat familiar feature of the New England landscape, that does not transgress on the rights of any individual. It is merely inefficient, unprogressive, somnambulant, or incompetent. And again it has the power to be so and nothing can be done.

There are many other instances where the protection available to the individual or community against the misuse (or possibly the non-use) of corporate power has signally failed to keep pace with the growth of the corporate system.

There Must Be a Limit

Part of the remedy rests with the development of public opinion. We are blessed and protected by the sensitiveness of the modern corporation executive to what his publicity man tells him is bad publicity. Much depends on the development within the corporation of a sense of responsibility for individual injustice and community well-being.

Professor Berle is not completely definite on how this sense of responsibility can be induced. Also there is some point where that good corporate citizenship on which the author insists yields to an assumption that the corporation should take a hand in everything that is good. This does not necessarily follow. Because we have corporations and they are important does not mean, automatically, that they are the first line of support for religion and education and the first line of defense against juvenile delinquency. To concede the key role of the corporation in the economy is not, necessarily, to argue the universal value of its contribution to our culture. Perhaps outside of economics the soundest policy is (hopefully) one of containment.

However, it is not certain that Professor Berle would disagree, and on the general matter of remedy it should be observed that the present book is but a preview of a larger one to come. In this preview, Professor Berle has identified and illuminated by far the most important question concerning the corporation in the civilized community.

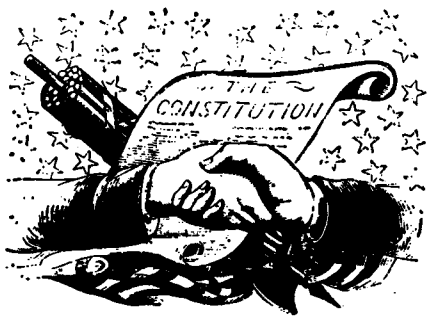
BOOK NOTES

The Making of Heroes

American Heroes: Myth and Reality, by Marshall W. Fishwick. *Public Affairs Press, Washington, D. C. $3.75.*

Here an Associate Professor of American Studies at Washington and Lee analyzes our heroes "and the way myth and reality blend in them." He also presents the results of much research into the men who did the blending and their motives for doing so.

In "Paths of Glory" he describes the apotheoses of John Smith, Washington, Boone, Lee (rare courage this), Billy the Kid, Buffalo Bill, and Henry Ford. "Stereotypes and Prototypes" blends currently fashionable sociology and some fresh interpretations in an examination of "The Self-made Man"; "The Giant and the Jackass: Paul Bunyan and Joe Magarac"; "The Man and the Mouse: Doug [Fairbanks] and Mickey"; "American Villains"; "The



Cowboy"; and (surprisingly with no influence of David Riesman) "The Emerging American Hero."

Professor Fishwick has no patience with debunking as such, though he shows how Paul Bunyan sprang all but full-blown from the brow of a lumber-company publicity man in 1914, how Joe Magarac was created by a *Scribner's* writer in the early 1930's, and how both these benign hoaxes have been taken up in corporation advertising as symbols of technology triumphant.

American Heroes is so sprightly, occasionally so coruscating, that even some chapters dealing with familiar material are best read one or two at a sitting. It's a mystery why the author didn't read his own galleys; a few hours of proofreading would have made a decade of research twice as effective. To have the elder Morgan cause the nonexistent panic of 1863 and die in 1943 (which would make him 106), to say that the Cardiff giant was dug up as recently as 1896, to let Ford's Peace Ship sail when we were already at war with Germany, to make Elbert Hubbard write "A Message to Garcia" nine years before the Spanish War—surely this is creative historiography gone wrong.

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The Good Old Days—for Some

The Age of Extravagance: An Edwardian Reader, edited by Mary Elizabeth Edes and Dudley Frasier. *Rinehart. $5.*

If you are old enough to remember when your major decision was whether to choose horehound drops or marzipan bananas at the penny candy store, this book will fill you with nostalgia for the days of your youth. If you are young enough to remember only hazily when another Edward gave up a throne for the woman he loved, these selections will transport you back into a period of gracious living and elaborate elegance.

Each of the twenty-six pieces concerns the period in the present century before the outbreak of the First World War. Some are of recent vintage—journeys back in memory to a world that no longer exists. Others were written during the period with which they deal. Some are set in the England that was Edwardian, others in an America that hung avidly on the writings and doings of the Britain from which it traced its heritage.

Here is a vivid firsthand description of a turn-of-the-century coronation by Dorothy Brett, who saw it through the eyes of childhood. Here are vignettes of memory by Henry Seidel Canby, Somerset Maugham, Cecil Beaton, Virginia Woolf, and many others. Arnold Bennett is represented by a critical essay about Elinor Glyn. A chapter from *The Descent of Man* is offered as a taste of Edith Wharton's prose. And from the incomparable pen of "Saki" come brief excerpts from *The Unbearable Bassington.*

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new mother

The love that makes a doll her baby is the beginning of motherhood for a little girl . . . the start of love-giving that will make her strive and fight for the security of those she loves as long as she lives.

Take care of your doll-baby, little girl. It is one of the world's most precious playthings.

The security that springs from love is the very heart of our living. It is a privilege known only in a country such as ours, where men and women are free to work for it.

And when we live up to the privilege of taking care of our own, we also best take care of our country. For the strength of America is in its secure homes all joined in a common security.

Let America's security be found in *your* home!

Saving for security is easy! Read every word—now!

If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it was because you didn't have a *plan*. Well, here's a savings system that really works—the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in U.S. Savings Bonds. This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save—a couple of dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And automatically invested in Series "E" U.S. Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only $3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have $2,137.30. If you can save as much as $18.75 a week, 9 years and 8 months will bring you $10,700!

U.S. Series "E" Savings Bonds earn interest at an average of 3% per year, compounded semiannually, when held to maturity! And they can go on earning interest for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish. Eight million working men and women are building their security with the Payroll Savings Plan. For *your* family's sake, how about signing up today?

If you want your interest as current income, ask your banker about 3% Series "H" Bonds which pay interest semiannually by Treasury check. An excellent investment.

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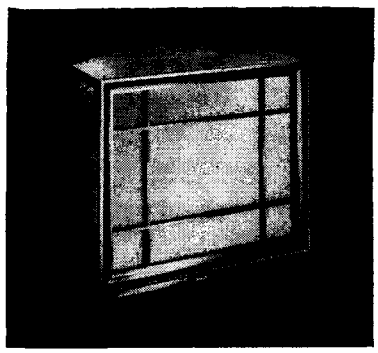

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